

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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October, 1874.

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LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—Mr. Henry Irving.—After months of preparation this great play will be produced THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, at eight o'clock, with new scenery by Messrs. Hawes Craven and Cuthbert. New dresses and appointments, &c. And the characters by the following ladies and gentlemen: Messrs. HENRY IRVING, T. Swinbourne, Chippendale, Compton, E. Leathes, G. Neville, T. Mead, H. B. Conway, F. Clements, Beveridge, &c.; Miss G. Pouncefort and Miss Isabel Bateman (her first appearance this season). Preceded, at seven, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Conclude with THE DUMB BELLE.—Box office open ten till five. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. Bateman.

HAMLET.—TO-NIGHT.—Ladies and gentlemen who have secured seats will deeply oblige the management and consult their own comfort by taking their places before the rise of the curtain at eight o'clock.—LYCEUM THEATRE.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville.

Lessee and Manager.—Crowded Houses and enormous success of THE TWO ORPHANS, the greatest drama of the day. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS, adapted from the French by John Oxenford. New scenery, dresses, and decorations. Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler; Mesdames Ernestine, Huntley, Hazleton, C. Harcourt, A. Taylor, and Charles Viner; Messrs. Wm. Rignold, C. Harcourt, Sugden, Voltaire, Roland, and Atkins. Preceded, at 7, by TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER.—Doors open at 6.30. Box office open daily from 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Free list entirely suspended.

THE TWO ORPHANS, in six acts and eight tableaux, EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. Preceded, at 7, by TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER. Doors open at 6.30. Box office open daily from 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Free list entirely suspended.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—LYDIA

THOMPSON.—The Success of the Season.—Third Week of Farnie's Oriental Extravaganza of BLUE BEARD. Powerful cast, charming music. Preceded, at 7.45, by CLEVER SIR JACOB.

MR. H. B. FARNIE'S BLUE BEARD, at the CHARING CROSS THEATRE, has now settled down for a long and successful run. The charming acting, singing, and dancing of Miss Lydia Thompson, the broad humour of Mr. Lionel Brough, the Heathen Chinese of Willie Edouin, the Protean changes of Mr. John Morris, the exquisite finish of Miss Atherton, the brightness of Miss Kathleen Irwin, the ruddy beauty of Miss Topsy Venn, and the brilliant costumes, capital scenery, and taking music, combine, under Mr. Henderson's able management, to attract everybody in town.—*The Hornet*, Oct. 7.

BLUE BEARD, by Farnie.—The 487th Night of its performance by Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and her company. Notice.—To avoid disappointment and inconvenience, seats should be secured in advance.—Box-office open from ten to five, and at all libraries.

GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle Street, Strand.—

Manager, Mr. Francis Fairlie.—Enthusiastic reception of the Drama and Opera-Bouffe. EAST LYNNE at 7, VERT-VERT at 9. Characters by Messrs. George Barrett, Leonard Boyne, Frank Wood, Hudspeth, Swift, Gordon, Coles, H. R. Teesdale, &c.; Mesdames Ada Ward, Marie Parselle, Stephens, Thérèse de Valery, Louisa Payne, Marie Bramah, Norrie Jordan, Lilian Adair, Egerton, Murielle, and Camille Dubois. Full Band and Chorus of Sixty.—Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 7. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Places may be secured at the Box office of the theatre daily, between 11 and 5, and at all the Libraries.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Enormous Success of the revival of TWO ROSES. On Monday, and during the week, at Half past Seven, James Albery's admired comedy, TWO ROSES, after which a new musical improbability, entitled GREEN OLD AGE, by R. Reece. Concluding with LEGACY LOVE, supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Warner, Edward Righton, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nelly Walters, Cicely Richards, and Sophie Larkin. TO-NIGHT (Saturday), first time of GREEN OLD AGE. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

SURREY.—THIS EVENING, at 7.45, the Powerful

Nautical Drama, SHIP AHOY. Messrs. John Nelson, Henry Forrester, James Fawn, Joseph Plumpton, H. C. Sidney, F. Shepherd, W. Stacey, &c.; Misses Adelaide Ross, Lavis, Margaret Cooper, &c. To commence, at 7, with DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL? And the entertainments conclude with the screaming Farce, TURN HIM OUT.—Treasurer, Mr. C. Holland. Secretary, Mr. Thomas B. Warne.

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ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Production of

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ALHAMBRA.—Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, LE ROI CARROTTE. Principal artists: Miss Elsie Weber (her first appearance here), Mdlle. Rose Bell, Lennox Grey, M. Barrie; Messrs. Harry Paulton, Melbourne, Worboys, Clifton, &c. &c.

ALHAMBRA.—Re-appearance of Mdlle. Sara in the

celebrated Rustic Quadrille in Act 2nd of LE ROI CARROTTE.

ALHAMBRA.—Grand Spectacle. Magic Effects.

Grand Ballets in LE ROI CARROTTE. Prices as usual. Box office open from 11 to 11. No charge for booking.

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

SHEPHERD.—Grand Operatic Triumph. At 7.30, Comedietta. 8.20, Lecocq's last Great Opera, GRIFFLE-GRIFFLE. Miss JULIA MATTHEWS; Mesdames Jenny Pratt, Everard, and Manetti; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, B. M. Garden, J. Murray, and E. Rosenthal. Gorgeous costumes; splendid scenery by F. Lloyds. Conductor, M. RIVIERE. The only Theatre in which this Grand Opera can be performed. Private Boxes and Fauteuils at all the Libraries.

MISS JULIA MATTHEWS

will appear as GRIFFLE-GRIFFLE,

Every Evening, at the

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week ending
NOVEMBER 7th, 1874.

TUESDAY, Nov. 3rd.—English Comedies. Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback*. Mr. Creswick; Messrs. Vernon, Standing, Gayton, Cathcart, and C. Wyndham; Misses Genevieve Ward and Fowler.

THURSDAY, Nov. 5th.—English Comedies. Tobin's *Honeymoon*. Messrs. C. Wyndham, Lionel Brough, &c.

SATURDAY, Nov. 7th.—Winter Concert.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

MADEMOISELLE ALBANI.

AMONG the leading operatic artists of the present day, there are

few who have obtained greater popularity than the charming

young lady whose portrait graces our present number. At her

first appearance on the boards of the Royal Italian Opera in the

season of 1872, she made an immediate success. The peculiarly

sympathetic quality of her voice, combined with her personal

attractions, at once enlisted the sympathies of her hearers; and

it was soon perceived that she possessed true dramatic instinct,

which only needed study and experience to develop the happiest

results. In the following year she exhibited marked improvement,

both in her acting and vocalisation, and became a prominent

attraction. Her success in London was followed by similar

triumphs in St. Petersburg and Paris; and with continued

practice she was enabled entirely to shake off the timidity and

amateurishness which were naturally evident in her earlier per-

formances. This year she returned to us, a finished and graceful

actress, with her vocal powers fully developed; and whenever she

sang, she was received with enthusiastic applause. As the heroine of

Linda di Chamounix, she can hardly be surpassed. In the first act

her representation of girlish innocence was charming, and in the

great scene of the second act, where Linda, reproached and

cursed by her father—who believes her to be living in splendid

infamy—loses her reason, her acting was full of genuine dramatic

power, almost painfully touching in its intensity, yet never

exaggerated. In *Mignon* she made an almost equal success,

while as 'Gilda' (in *Rigoletto*), 'Amina' (in *La Sonnambula*),

'Ophelia' (in *Hamlet*), and other characters, she surpassed all

expectations.

Mdlle. Albani bids fair to take the very highest rank in the

operatic world. She cannot yet be classed with Adelina Patti or

Christina Nilsson, either in respect of dramatic power or vocal

cultivation; but if her future progress is to be estimated by past

results, there can be little doubt that she may aspire to full

equality with those great artists. She has youth on her

side combined with great natural intelligence, and a voice

of pure and sympathetic quality, which in the higher notes

is simply delicious. With these advantages a bright future

awaits her, if her studies be wisely guided. At present she

does not possess remarkable power, and she too often forces

her voice to an extent which must be prejudicial. Not only

does this forcing of the voice impair its quality and cause the

singer who indulges in it to sing *vibrato* on holding notes which

should be sung *sostenuto*, but sooner or later the intonation be-

comes defective. When Mdlle. Albani strains her voice, for the

sake of dramatic effect, it loses part of its charm; and her intona-

tion frequently becomes unsatisfactory to sensitive ears. When

she sings without effort, the effect is delightful; and it is earn-

estly to be hoped that she will avoid attempting declamatory

music until she acquire the requisite physical strength. Her

voice is of delicate quality, and needs careful nursing. With

this, and time, she will acquire all the power she needs; and

although she will never be (and probably has no wish to be) a

prima donna drammatica, she may easily—before long—reach

the topmost pinnacle of fame as the representative of the juvenile

heroines of comic and pathetic operas. Operatic artists are un-

happily beset with flatterers, who find it more pleasant to offer

adulation than wholesome counsel; but these are not true friends.

It is the duty of a true friend to give warning of possible danger;

and those who take a genuine interest in the career of this charm-

ing artist do her a service in pointing out those few defects which

she should strive to remedy, in order to ensure the perfect success

which, for the sake of art, as well as for her own sake, it is to be

hoped that she will attain.

Mdlle. Albani is a British subject, her birthplace being Canada.

Her family name is "La Jeunesse," and she is descended from

early French settlers, established in Canada before its conquest

by the English. Her first appearance on the operatic stage was

made at Albany. Although very young, she exhibited so much

dramatic promise, and so pure and sympathetic a voice, that her

success was triumphant, and from that time she took the pro-

fessional name of "Albani," in remembrance of the American

town where she made her *début*. Since then she has made her-

self a conspicuous favourite here and on the Continent, and has

The Drama.

THE St. James's Theatre, entirely redecorated in light and very tasteful style, reopened on Saturday evening under the management of Mr. Stephen Fiske, and with a fair average working company, including Miss Selina Dolaro, Miss Nellie Bromley, Miss Bessie Hollingshead, Miss Louisa Howard, Mr. John Rouse, Mr. John Hall (his first appearance in London), Mr. C. W. Norton, Mr. W. Vernon, and Mr. Chatterton, the young American tenor. The inaugural programme consisted of a compressed version of Messrs. Oxenford and Hatton's adaptation of *Une Corneille qui abat les Noix*, which was brought out at the Gaiety some months ago under the title of *Too Clever by Half*, and is now rechristened *A Guardian Angel*, and a new "comedy-bouffe" (the latest addition to dramatic nomenclature), in three acts, by Mr. H. B. Farnie, entitled *The Black Prince*, and founded on *Le Voyage en Chine*, by MM. Labiche and Delacour, with the addition of a goodly portion of very charming music selected from the earlier works of Lecocq, hitherto unrepresented in England. With the opening of the St. James's, fully noticed in another column, the long list of theatres competing for the patronage of playgoers in the Metropolis is completed, with the exception of the Criterion, which will open towards the end of November, under the direction of Mrs. H. W. Liston, with an English version of the new opéra-bouffe now nearly ready for production in Paris; and perhaps of Astley's, which may likely be opened as usual at Christmas by the Messrs. Sanger. Of the only other three theatres, the Queen's and Royalty are still announced to be let, and the Alexandra, it is rumoured, may open in a few days with an experiment of the "legitimate."

Mr. D'Oyly Carte having terminated his management of the Opéra Comique on Saturday last, a complimentary benefit to that gentleman took place on Monday, when *The Broken Branch* was represented for the last time; followed by a concert by Madame Edna Hall, Miss Amie Sinclair, Mlle. Morensi, of the Royal Italian Opera, and Mr. Pearson, Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. Arthur Sullivan volunteering to accompany the songs; and concluding with the farce of *The Clockmaker's Hat*, with Miss Angelina Claude, from the Strand Theatre, in the leading character. The theatre is to reopen in a week or ten days under the management of Miss Amy Sheridan, with a new extravaganza by Mr. F. C. Burnand, in which Miss Pattie Laverne will sustain the principal rôle.

Mr. Halliday's Drury Lane drama, *Amy Robsart*, was revived at the National Standard on Monday with all the original spectacular and sensational effects, and has met with signal success. It is admirably represented, the principal characters being sustained by Miss Frances Bouvier as 'Amy Robsart,' Miss Eleanor Bufton as 'Queen Elizabeth,' Mr. James Bennett as 'Varney,' and Mr. Pennington as 'Leicester.'

At the Grecian was produced, on Monday, a new version of *The Two Orphans*, under the title of *The Blind Sister*, adapted and Anglicised by George Conquest and Paul Merritt, by permission of Mr. Henry Neville, from *Les Deux Orphelines*; Mr. George Conquest's powerful and characteristic delineation of the part of the old hag, here styled 'Judy Brundle,' being the leading feature of the performance.

At another of the ably conducted outlying theatres, the Marylebone, Mr. J. A. Cave has brought out, by permission of Mrs. S. Lane, the great "Britannia" drama of *The Stolen Jewess*, which has taken immensely with his patrons, and drawn overflowing houses during the week. It has been supplemented by another powerful drama, *The Felon's Bond*, represented at this theatre for the first time.

At the Lyceum, *The Bells* was represented for the last time on Wednesday evening, to leave Thursday and last night for the rehearsals of *Hamlet*, the production of which to-night, with Mr. Henry Irving as the Prince of Denmark, is looked forward to with such intense interest. The full cast will be as follows: 'Hamlet,' first time, Mr. Henry Irving; 'King,' Mr. Swinbourne; 'Polonius,' Mr. Chippendale; 'Laertes,' Mr. E. Leathes; 'Horatio,' Mr. G. Neville; 'Ghost,' Mr. T. Mead; 'Osric,' Mr. H. B. Conway; 'Rosencrantz,' Mr. Webber; 'Guildenstern,' Mr. Beaumont; 'Marcellus,' Mr. F. Clements; 'Bernardo,' Mr. Tapping; 'Francisco,' Mr. Harwood; 'First Actor,' Mr. Beveridge; 'Second Actor,' Mr. Norman; 'Priest,' Mr. Collett; 'Messenger,' Mr. Branscome; 'Second Grave-digger,' Mr. Chapman; and 'First Grave-digger,' Mr. Compton; 'Gertrude,' Miss G. Pouncefort; 'Player Queen,' Miss Hampden; and 'Ophelia,' Miss Isabel Bateman.

The programmes continue unaltered at the other theatres, which have been generally well attended:—*Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, at Drury Lane; *The Geneva Cross*, at the Adelphi; *Lost in London*, at the Princess's; *The Two Orphans*, at the Olympic; *East Lynn and Vert-Vert*, at the Globe; *Love Apple and The Island of Bachelors*, at the Gaiety, where Mr. Byron's new farcical comedy, *Oil and Vinegar*, will be produced on Wednesday; *The School for Scandal*, at the Prince of Wales's, where the bill will undergo an entire change next Saturday, when Mr. Gilbert's "original dramatic contrast," entitled *Sweethearts*, will be produced for the first time, in conjunction with a revival of the late Mr. Robertson's comedy, *Society*, in the former of which Mr. Coghlan will appear in the part originally intended for Mr. Hare, and will replace that gentleman as 'Lord Ptarmigan'; *Two Roses and Creatures of Impulse*, at the Vaudeville, where Mr. Reece's new musical piece, *Green Old Age*, will be produced to-night; *Newmarket*, at the Holborn; *Melusine*, at the Holborn Amphitheatre; *Giroflé-Girofla*, at the Philharmonic; and at the Surrey the nautical drama of *Ship Ahoy!* a leading scene from which forms one of our illustrations in the present number.—Mr. Sothern is having quite a renewal of his former popularity at the Haymarket, as 'Lord Dundreary,' in *Our American Cousin*, in which also the new American actress, Miss Walton, from the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, as 'Mary Meredith,' has become an established favourite; and Mr. F. Marshall's amusing and capital comedy, *Brighton*, is drawing excellent houses to Miss Litton's bright little Court Theatre.—But the two great successes of the present season are *Blue Beard*, with Miss Lydia Thompson and her company, and Mr. Lionel Brough, at the Charing Cross; and Mr. Byron's new comedy, *Old Sailors*, and Mr. Farnie's "bouffonnerie," *Loo, or the Party who took Miss*, at the Strand.

The series of comedies produced under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Crystal Palace last September were so successful the managers have arranged for a second series of seven performances of English comedies, the first of which took place on Tuesday last, when Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback* was represented, with Mr. Creswick (Master Walter), Mr. W. H. Vernon, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Cathcart, Miss Genevieve Ward (Julia), and Miss Fowler (Helen). The second performance took place on Thursday, with O'Keefe's *Wild Oats*, supported by Messrs. C. Wyndham, W. H. Stephens, Cathcart, Gayton, Lionel Brough, &c., and Mesdames Dorling, Rooke, Vining, and Alice Ingram. The representations will be continued on the Tuesdays and Thursdays in the next and following week, and will comprise Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, Tobin's *Honeymoon*, and probably Boucicault's *London Assurance*, as an exemplar of the comedy of the present day.

Dr. Lynn suspended last Saturday his clever and amusing entertainment at the Egyptian Hall for a fortnight. During this interval the large hall in which he exhibits will undergo extensive alterations and redecorations, and will reopen on Monday week, 9th November (Lord Mayor's Day), when Dr. Lynn will resume his entertainment, and introduce a variety of new and astounding illusions. Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke still continue to give their *séances* every afternoon and evening in the other hall in the same building, and on Monday next another addition will be made to these places of minor entertainment by Messrs. Spiers and Pond, who, having obtained a licence for their "Criterion Great Hall," at Piccadilly Circus, will open it on Monday with a new entertainment to be given by the Brothers Henry and Walter Wardroper, and entitled *Refined and Realistic Mimicry*.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden still continue undiminished in their attractiveness, and to afford infinite satisfaction to crowded audiences. The abundant promises set forth in Messrs. Gatti's prospectus are being conscientiously carried out. Madame Campobello-Sinico made her first appearance on Monday evening, and has been the leading vocalist during the week. The grand selection from *La Pille de Madame Angot* was given for the first time this season on Wednesday night. A new descriptive Fantasia for full orchestra, chorus, and military band, composed by W. C. Levey, and entitled "The Man of War," was performed on Thursday. Madame Otto Alvsleben and Herr Gungl, the celebrated composer of dance music, make their first appearance to-night, and Miss Rose Hersee on Monday.

MACCABE IN AMERICA.

THE success of our prince of entertainers would already appear to be assured. Speaking of his *début* at the Steinway Hall, New York, *The Spirit of the Times* says:—"It is rarely that so entertaining a performer as Mr. Maccabe appears in the world of amusement; and it is still rarer that nature endows any one man with the ability to entertain an audience single-handed so thoroughly as Mr. Maccabe does. His entertainment comprises songs, personations of a wide and varied range of characters, ventriloquism, instrumental music, and a constant, running fire of witty and pungent sayings. He is an artist of remarkable ability, and an actor of no mean order. His changes are rapid beyond precedent, and his individuality is sunk so often and so completely that we cannot but bestow upon him the highest encomiums. He appears in a full-dress suit, and in a few modest words outlines his performance. He is soft of voice and prepossessing in appearance. He is thoroughly English in his conversation, and is a blonde. Before the audience he dons a wig, whiskers, and mustache, and hastily making some slight changes in his apparel, disguises his identity absolutely, and looks, walks, and talks like Mr. Henry Russell. This sketch is followed by another totally different assumption of character, in every way as remarkable. His make-up is made instantaneously, and when he reappears, it is almost impossible to believe that it is the same man. In less than thirty seconds he reappears once more as a full-dressed lady of fashion, and again is one mystified by his artistic performance. Each character is totally dissimilar from its predecessor, and each equally perfect in manner, tone, walk, and action. The ladykiller is a most amusing, although a somewhat exaggerated, picture of many gentlemen in fashionable society. His ventriloquisms, without the aid of puppets to deceive the eyes, or mustachios to conceal the movements of the lips, are the best exhibitions of the art ever seen in New York, and knock E. D. Davies higher than a kite. But the most complete and absolute representation of character is his troubadour of the present time—a London street singer with a bad cold. This brought down the house, and settled the question of his success in America. No character essayed by him resembles another in any way, and if a finished actor, with different personal characteristics, had appeared in every sketch, it could not have been more perfect. He sings a lively and taking song in every character, accompanying himself generally upon the piano, and talking in a witty and happy vein throughout. Maccabe is an artist, and as such *The Spirit* welcomes him and predicts for him a great success. He is a whole theatre in himself, and no one should fail to see him."

WALLACK'S.—MR. TOOLE'S BENEFIT.

A NUMEROUS audience assembled last Friday evening at Wallack's on the occasion of Mr. Toole's benefit. The programme consisted of *Uncle Dick's Darling*, *Off the Line*, Burlesque Lectures, and imitations of celebrated actors, all of which met with hearty approbation. During the evening, Mr. Toole stepped before the curtain and made a speech. Considerable curiosity has been expressed as to what he said, but none of our contemporaries appear to have given the text, consequently we are compelled to supply the deficiency. The following speech is a verbatim report of what Mr. Toole said; if it isn't, it ought to be:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—In this country, where speech-making appears to be an attribute of the infant in the cradle, it is a matter of extreme difficulty for a young man unaccustomed to public speaking to make an impromptu address. It is a received axiom in mathematics that a rolling stone gathers no moss; but, ladies and gentlemen, I am a living converse of that proposition, for in my case the moss has gathered on the stone that has rolled across the Atlantic. As you know, I have been here some time, and would stay longer, but

"A dog of the house of Montague moves me" (*Shakespeare*),

and I am therefore compelled to Wallack away to the fresh fields and verdant pastures of Brooklyn. Thence I propose making an extended tour to Newark by way of Harlem, Hoboken, and Hunter's Point. It is also my intention to pop across to San Francisco and other little villages in the immediate vicinity of New York, but as a young woman who serenaded me last night at two o'clock in the morning sang, under my window, 'He will return; I know him well; he will not leave me here to die,' I opened the window and told her 'I would.'

"My second term is assured, and I have become sufficiently Americanised to go in for a 'third term' if you grant it me. Such a thing is not without precedent. From the moment I was landed at the Emigration Bureau at Castle Garden, I have met with nothing but the greatest kindness, publicly and privately. I have been introduced to many of your national institutions; among others, the cockpit, for which I entertain most profound respect. You have no idea of the number of persons who have offered their gratuitous services to assist in forming my taste therefor. I am glad to see that the amenities of social life pervade all classes. Several policemen introduced me to their clubs, and with striking effect. I must really congratulate you on your oysters. Whatever may be said about their flavour, their size is unimpeachable; I have lived for seven days upon one saddle-rock, and I have not finished him yet. I have been taken to see all your great public works, such as the Brooklyn Bridge. Somebody told me it was to be a 'suspension' bridge; it seemed to me as though the works were in the same state. I was also permitted to roam through the cool groves and refreshing at-

mosphere of Centre Market, and I was shown that grand fountain in City Hall Park, which, between ourselves, I thought must have been built by a man with a rooster-eye. Some kind friends explained to me the superior facility of locomotion you have in this country, and in proof thereof gave me a ride in a Third Avenue car at six o'clock in the afternoon. There was such a crowd in that car they must have known that I was coming. Another time I'll go *incog*. Another public institution of which you may be fully proud is your native wines; your still Catawba, with plenty of sugar to sweeten it, and a 'mossel' o' lemon to take away the taste, is highly exhilarating.

"My acknowledgments are due, and are hereby tendered to the members of the press, of whose critical ability I entertain a high opinion. There is an old adage that 'bad workmen always find fault with their tools,' but as very little fault has been found with this Toole, I naturally conclude that they are all good workmen. But, ladies and gentlemen, joking aside, I desire to thank you from my heart for the generous manner in which you have received my humble efforts to entertain you. When the time comes for me to return to my home in the little island across the seas, I shall carry with me a lively and enduring appreciation of the warm and hearty welcome which every artist who visits these hospitable shores is certain to receive at the hands of the American people. On this occasion, ladies and gentlemen, I rejoice to be able to say, instead of *adieu*, *Au revoir*."

The speech was received with rapturous applause; if it wasn't, it ought to have been.—*The Arcadian*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday's concert presented an interesting selection of instrumental music. The Symphony was the second in C, by Schumann (Op. 61), first performed at Leipzig in 1846, and is one of his finest works. The "Adagio" is a beautiful illustration of his pathetic and dreamy style; while the "Scherzo," with its two attendant trios, is one of his happiest efforts. The Symphony was splendidly played, and warmly applauded. Beethoven's *Leonora* overture No. 1 commenced the concert, which concluded with Arthur Sullivan's overture entitled "Marmion," both finely rendered. The solo instrumentalist was Mr. Charles Hallé, who had a cordial reception, and played the pianoforte part in Mozart's D Minor Concerto with the grace and finish which he invariably exhibits. Mr. Hallé also played in excellent style Schumann's "Novelette in F" and his "Arabesque." Madame Alvsleben essayed the florid air, "Dell' asilo della pace," written by Costa for Gristi's aria d' *intrata* in Rossini's *Otello*. The song was apparently beyond her powers, and her intonation was frequently defective in the higher notes. The song was followed by a recall, which was sturdily opposed by a number of persistent hissers. Her subsequent efforts, in songs by Schubert and Brahms, were much more successful. Mr. Lloyd sang delightfully the tenor song from *Euryanthe*, and Schubert's "Serenade," and was warmly applauded. Mr. Manns conducted with his usual ability. To-day Madame Sinico and Mr. Sims Reeves will sing, and Weber's No. 2 Clarinet Concerto will be played by Mr. Clinton, the newly appointed successor of poor Pape.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS sailed for America on Thursday week.

Le Roi Carrotte will be revived at the Alhambra on Monday next. A MORNING performance of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* will be given at Drury Lane, on Monday week, the 9th November, Lord Mayor's Day.

THE Alexandra Theatre, Camden Town, it is said, will open, on Saturday next, with the "legitimate" drama. Mrs. George Owen, a *tragedienne* from Dublin, will be the leading actress.

THE Vokes family arrived last week from America, where they have been greatly successful. They are to appear at Drury Lane at Christmas.

MR. BYRON'S new farcical piece in a prologue, two scenes, and a climax, will be produced on Wednesday at the Gaiety, under the title of *Oil and Vinegar*.

MR. JOHN HUY, acting manager at the Court Theatre since its opening, has transferred his services, in the same capacity, to Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Italian Opera.

THE public will regret to learn that the clever *comédienne*, Mrs. John Wood, has been compelled to relinquish her provincial engagements through severe illness.

MR. PHELPS returns to the Gaiety at Christmas to resume the series of impersonations he commenced here last year. He commences on Boxing Night with 'Falstaff' in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and her company will remove, at Christmas, most likely to the Globe Theatre, where, on Boxing Night, a new pantomime-bouffe, by Mr. Farnie, will be produced under the title of *A Sleeping Beauty*.

A NEW "music improbability," entitled *Green Old Age*, by Mr. R. Reece, will be produced this evening at the Vaudeville, supported by Messrs. James and Thorne, Misses Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nelly Waters, &c.

DR. LYNN, who has suspended his clever entertainment for a fortnight while the Egyptian Hall is being redecorated, will reopen with several new and startling additions to his programme on Monday week, the 9th November.

MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND having obtained a licence for their "Large Hall" at the Criterion, Regent Circus, intend opening it on Monday next with a new entertainment by the brothers Henry and Walter Wardroper, entitled *Refined and Realistic Mimicry*.

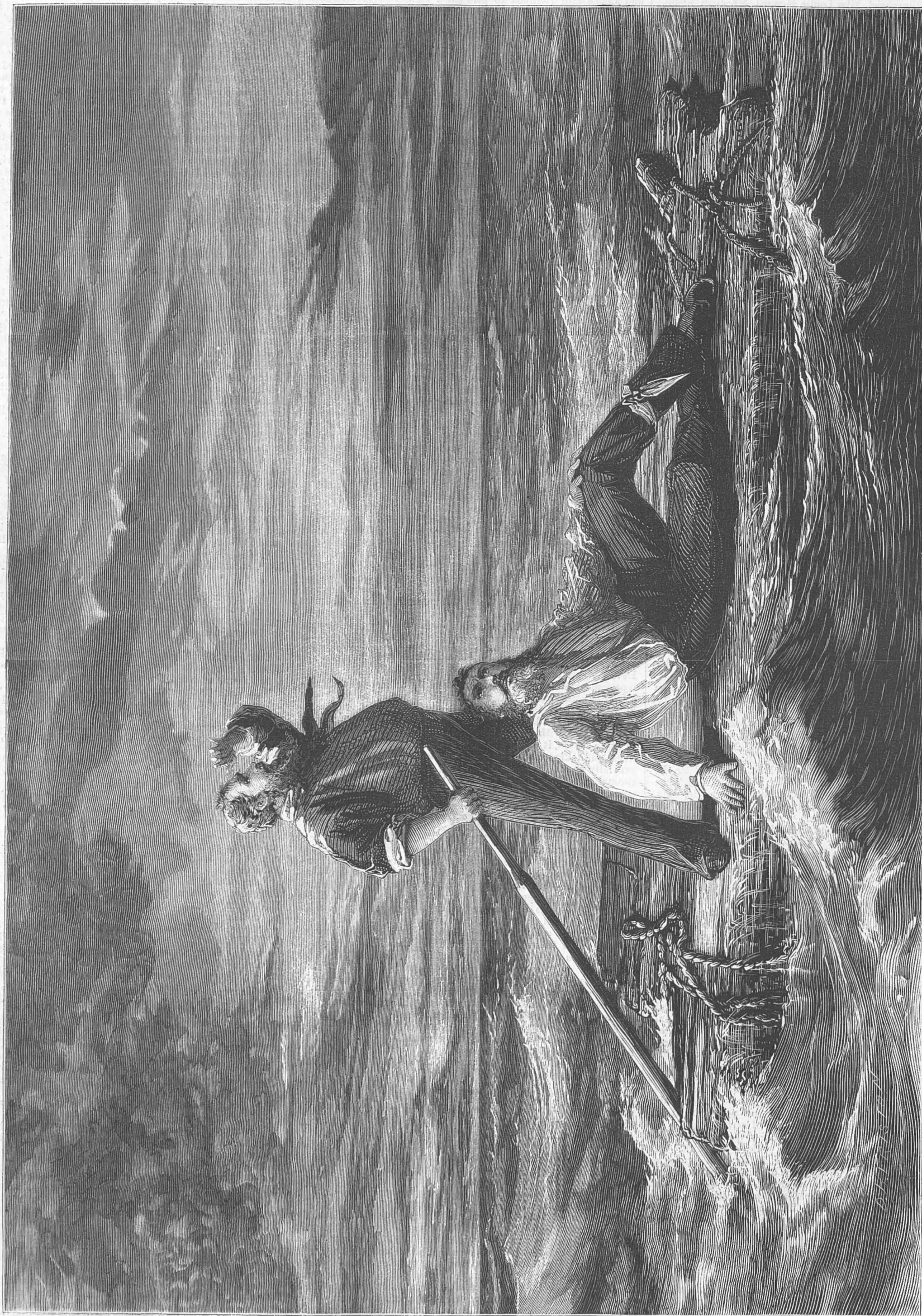
NEXT Saturday is fixed for the production, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, of Mr. Gilbert's "dramatic contrast" under the title of *Sweethearts*, and for the revival of Robert's comedy, *Society*, in which Mr. Coghlan is to sustain Mr. Hare's part of "Lord Ptarmigan."

THE cast of the principal characters in *Hamlet*, to be produced to-night at the Lyceum, will be as follows:—'Hamlet,' Mr. H. Irving; 'The King,' Mr. Swinbourne; 'Polonius,' Mr. Chippendale; 'Laertes,' Mr. Leathes; 'Horatio,' Mr. G. Neville; 'Ghost,' Mr. T. Mead; 'First Grave-digger,' Mr. Compton; 'Gertrude,' Miss G. Pouncefort, and 'Ophelia,' Miss Isabel Bateman.

THE Opéra Comique will reopen next week under the management of Miss Amy Sheridan with a new opéra-bouffe extravaganza by Mr. F. C. Burnand, rumoured to be an amplified version of his famous burlesque, *Ixion*, in which Miss Pattie Laverne will sustain the principal rôle, and Miss Sheridan that of 'Venus,' in which Miss Ada Cavendish made her *début* at the Royalty when *Ixion* was first produced.

HIS Imperial Highness the Grand-duke Czarewitch, his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, attended by Prince Wolkonsky, Prince Bariatinsky, Colonel the Hon. H. Byng, and Captain Fitzgerald, honoured the Lyceum Theatre with their presence on Saturday evening. H.I.H. the Czarewitch and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Charing Cross Theatre on Monday evening, and the Olympic on Wednesday evening.

TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS FOR HORSES.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—JOHN SCOTT, N.B.—The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder; may be had of all chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[ADVT.]



SCENE FROM "SHIP AHOY!" AT THE SURREY THEATRE.



THE SPANISH GIPSY

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
THE BLACK PRINCE.

M. CHARLES LECOCQ bids fair to attain even a wider popularity than M. Offenbach or M. Hervé. His music is distinguished by qualities which place it above the ordinary level of opéra-bouffe; and while its abundant flow of melody renders it attractive to ordinary amateurs, it secures the approval of the cognoscenti by its elevation of style, a masterly display of skill and power in the construction of vocal ensembles, and felicitous orchestration. In none of his works is M. Lecocq vulgar. Even the "scolding duet" in *Madame Angot* is entirely free from this reproach, so far as the music is concerned; and if in its presentation on the stage it may appear to be characterised by a decidedly broad kind of humour, this is the result of the stage situation and the acting; and the melody, though bright and sparkling, is intrinsically as free from vulgarity as the "letter duet" between 'Rosina' and 'Figaro' in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. In the most extravagant situations of *Les Cent Vierges* the music belongs to the school of comic opera, rather than that of opéra-bouffe; and in *Giroflé-Girofla* M. Lecocq has produced a work which encourages the belief that he is destined to wear the mantle of Auber. Anything which comes from his pen is therefore regarded with interest, and with a kind of hopeful anticipation that it may raise his reputation. What his forthcoming comic opera, *Les Prés St. Gervais*—soon to be produced in Paris and London—may be, it is impossible to say; but, *en attendant*, his merits as a composer have been prominently displayed in the new musical comedy-bouffe, entitled *The Black Prince*, produced at the St. James's Theatre on Saturday last, with brilliant success.

The Black Prince is not founded on any opera of that name by M. Lecocq. With an amount of candour which is as laudable as it is rare, the piece is publicly announced as an English adaptation of *Le Voyage en Chine* (by MM. Delacour and Labiche), "with music selected from the works of M. Lecocq." If, therefore, the music should be ill adapted to the dramatic situations, the entire responsibility must rest with the English adapter, and no blame can attach to M. Lecocq. As a matter of fact, M. Farnie, the adapter, has done his work so well that there is no semblance of incongruity; and the various solos and concerted pieces are exactly suited to the music attached to them; while the music itself appears to spring naturally from the dramatic situations. Had the libretto been furnished to M. Lecocq, with a commission to fit a new music to it, we could scarcely have had more appropriate melodies or orchestration; and it is possible that a less striking success might have been achieved. It must be admitted that had the work proved a failure, M. Lecocq might have shown some ground for complaining of the production of music written during the immaturity of his powers; but happily this difficulty has not arisen; and Mr. Farnie, having skilfully selected the gems which lay scattered among the composer's early opérettas, has combined a sparkling collection of melodies, which cannot fail to increase the already high reputation of M. Lecocq.

There appears, therefore, little ground for the protest, which M. Lecocq was advised to issue, against the use of his name in connection with *The Black Prince*. Everything connected with the production of that work appears to have been conducted on honourable principles. Messrs. Cramer, Wood, and Co. bought the various works, from which the music of *The Black Prince* is taken, of the French publishers to whom it had been sold by M. Lecocq. Nay, more, they also purchased the orchestral scores; so that both the melodies and the instrumentation are presented exactly as written by the composer. It may seem preposterous that any other course should be adopted; but unhappily the practice is not always honourable in this respect; and only a short time since an opera, by M. Hervé, was produced in London with English words; the instrumental accompaniments being ramped up from a pianoforte copy. This gross kind of injustice M. Lecocq has not had to suffer; and were he to attend a performance of *The Black Prince*, he would probably withdraw his hasty and ill-advised protest, and would rejoice to find his compositions so faithfully and successfully presented.

The business of the first act takes place in the country residence of 'Mr. Cobb' (Mr. Rouse), a retired tradesman, who speaks only the Cockney dialect of the English language, and would continually come to grief but for the aid of his daughter, 'Sybil' (Miss Dolaro), who corrects his letters and mends his grammar. His only other child, 'Flossie' (Miss Nelly Bromley), is engaged to be married to the 'Hon. Mr. Fluensee' (Mr. Norton), a mild Dundreary, who belies his patronymic by continual stuttering, and can only speak intelligibly when he has pebbles in his mouth; a remedy which is attended with the drawback that, when suddenly excited, he is apt to swallow the pebbles. Sybil has a tender recollection of Lieut. Vivian Gale, a young naval officer with whom she has recently danced twenty-three times at a country ball; but she knows that no marriage will be permitted for her by old Cobb, who could not manage without her. Old Cobb, who sighs in vain for "rural tranquillity," is disturbed by the arrival of 'Dr. Maresnest' (Mr. J. L. Hall), an energetic antiquary, in search of Roman remains, which he believes are to be found in Cobb's garden; and the Doctor eventually produces with triumph a number of cracked dishes and other broken kitchen utensils, which the servants have buried in the garden, to hide their carelessness. He horrifies Cobb by telling him that the latter has been elected a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, and when a deputation arrives with the news that "Mr. Cobb" has been elected chairman of the new School Board, his cup of bitterness is full, and he gladly avails himself of Sybil's advice to fly to the Isle of Wight. She has her reasons for giving this advice; for in a previous scene she has had a love passage with Vivian Gale, whose vessel is lying off Cowes; and old Cobb, who has sworn that Vivian shall never marry Sybil, "no, not until her father's 'ead is in the 'alter'" is thus unwittingly lured to the immediate vicinity of the detested suitor.

Act ii. takes place outside the Yacht Club at Cowes, and introduces a chorus of boatmen, admirably "got up," whose concerted piece, "We see as how your Honour wants a boat," is one of the most genuinely comic things which has been heard and seen for a long time past, and was received with shouts of laughter and applause, and a double encore. Cobb, who has secretly obtained the removal of Vivian from his ship to the *Black Prince*, which is under sailing orders for Terra del Fuego, is staggered to find that irrepressible youth carrying on his love-making with Sybil. Vivian, who has resigned his commission, arranges a plot with Sybil, in pursuance of which he borrows the yacht of his friend 'Lord Skyraker' (Miss Duncan), and Cobb is invited to inspect the *Black Prince* ironclad early next morning, accompanied by his daughters and Dr. Maresnest. Vivian, however, bribes the boatmen to put the party on board Lord Skyraker's yacht, to which they are conveyed next day.

In act iii. we are shown the deck of the yacht, which Cobb

and his party behold with admiration, believing it to be an ironclad; and the yachtsmen assist Vivian's scheme by showing the words "Black Prince" on their caps. The yacht steams out into the Channel while the visitors are at breakfast; and presently Cobb is horrified to find Vivian in command of the vessel, which he is told is now on its way to Terra del Fuego; and in order to escape the dreaded voyage, he gets up a mutiny. The sham mutineers are false to him; he is arrested, and Vivian sentences him to be hung. He has refused his consent to the union of Vivian and Sybil, until "his 'ead is in the 'alter," and now, with the terrible rope round his neck, he gives a reluctant consent, in order (as he thinks) to save his life.

Other incidents are introduced in the course of the piece, amongst them a skating scene in act ii., which might as well be omitted; and there is (or was in the first night) a superfluity of talk in the same act; but the main action of the story is clearly developed, and the dialogue is amusing without coarseness. Indeed, the absence of any kind of indelicacy is one of the highest merits of the piece; and although a number of pretty girls in captivating costumes enhance the spectacular effect, no pretext is given for a blush; and, *mirabile dictu!* amid a variety of dances, the *caneen* shines by its absence!

The music of *The Black Prince* is excellent throughout. Vivian's song in act i., "The Glove and the Rose," is a charming melody, and almost equally charming is the tenor and soprano duet which follows. Perhaps the most delightful and effective portion of the opera is the *finale* to act i., which contains a quintet that is perfectly delicious, and surpasses the popular sextet in *Giroflé-Girofla*. It was received with enthusiastic applause, and doubly encored. The "Boatmen's Chorus" in act ii. was equally successful, and bids fair to outrival in popularity the "Conspirators' Chorus" in *Madame Angot*. The "Apple Song," in this act, sung by Miss Bromley, is captivating in its melody, and must become popular. The *bolero*, in act iii. ("Know'st thou the land where the tinkling guitar"), is one of M. Lecocq's happiest inspirations. He has infused into it the characteristics of Spanish dance music, and the melody is exquisite. This also received a double encore. The *duo berceuse*, "Where art thou, my own love?" sung in the same act by Sybil and Vivian, is a 6/8 melody in F major, which is equal to anything ever written by M. Lecocq. The melody is beautiful; and the voice parts are admirably, though simply, harmonised. These are only a few of the many gems with which the work abounds.

The performers are entitled to warm praise. Miss Dolaro was a *piquante* 'Sybil,' and although her voice at times lacked power (especially in the lower notes of the *duo berceuse*), she sang with taste and feeling, and her acting was excellent. Miss Bromley surprised everyone by her singing, and seems likely to become a successful vocalist, under the able tuition of M. Duvivier, who may also claim credit for the improvement already exhibited by Mr. Chatterton, who has recently become his pupil. Mr. Chatterton was unfortunate in having made his *début* in London in the baritone part of 'Prince Isidor' (*The Broken Branch*), for which his light tenor voice was quite unsuited. As 'Vivian Gale' he made a great success, and obtained hearty applause for his tasteful singing. Mr. J. L. Hall, who brings with him a good provincial reputation, made a decidedly favourable impression as the antiquary 'Dr. Maresnest,' and not only sang his music well, but danced a hornpipe so nimbly and at the same time so eccentrically that the audience were uproarious in their applause. The 'old Cobb' of Mr. Rouse was the best bit of acting in the piece, and awakened shouts of laughter. The remaining characters were well represented. The chorus was good, the orchestra efficient, and Mr. Schoening conducted with ability. The scenery, by Messrs. Grieve, is worthy their reputation; and the costumes are elegant. The house, which has been tastefully redecorated under the supervision of Mr. J. T. Robinson, was crowded from pit to ceiling by a delighted audience, who called the chief artists before the curtain at the end of each act, and then shouted for Mr. Farnie; who, however, was not present to witness the triumph of the piece.

The Black Prince, with its humorous and well-developed story, and Mr. Lecocq's delightful music, combined with good singing and acting, and an effective *mise en scène*, is a brilliant success, and will probably be a powerful attraction for many months to come.

Provincial.

BRIGHTON.—THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Barry Sullivan opened on Monday in *Hamlet*. Mr. Sullivan has, as Dr. Gabriel Harvey stated, "sufficient power and pathos to please the wiser sort." In the passionate passages he avoids exaggeration or rant, and in the tender scenes he is sufficiently genial and gentle; the interpretation he offers is singularly free from mannerisms, and he carefully adheres to the advice the philosophic Dane gives to the players. The terrible tyrant Richard, less repulsive in his hands, and the jealous Moor, *roles* so different in each other, give evidence of Mr. Sullivan's great versatility. He is ably assisted by Miss Rose Coghlan. Mr. J. F. Cathcart, whose tuition under the late Charles Kean has developed his histrionic powers perfectly, has played 'Laertes,' 'Dumas,' 'Richmond,' and 'Iago,' while the minor parts have been capably represented by Mr. Chart's stock company. The farce, *yelept Trying it On*, has been played during the week.

BRISTOL.—NEW THEATRE.—With no attraction beyond that of the ordinary company in the play founded on Mrs. Wood's novel "East Lynne," capital audiences have this week been attracted to the New Theatre. Miss Bella Murdoch has made her first local appearance as 'Lady Isabel Carlyle' and 'Madame Vine.' Her acting, especially in the last scenes, is marked by considerable power and intelligence. Mr. Titheradge and Mr. Wyke Moore, who can speak and walk like gentlemen, are well suited as 'Archibald Carlyle' and 'Francis Levison.'

VICTORIA ROOMS.—On Tuesday a concert party, in which Mdle. Carlotta Patti was the bright and particular star, gave a very successful miscellaneous concert here.

COLSTON HALL.—One of the concerts given in Bristol for many months was that on Thursday at Colston Hall by the Festival Choir—the same whose chorus-singing was the feature in last year's Musical Festival. Under the direction of Mr. Alfred Stone, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was then produced, and the perfect manner in which the choruses and chorales were rendered, greatly delighted the immense audience that filled the hall. Miss Julia Wigan, Miss Farler, Mr. Harper Kearton (a very promising tenor), and Mr. Brandon, were the soloists. Mr. George Risely, the organist.

CORK.—THEATRE ROYAL (proprietor, Mr. R. C. Burke).—Closed. **MUNSTER HALL** (proprietors, Messrs. MacCarthy and Scanlan).—Miss Carrie Nelson's Comedy and Burlesque Company are continuing to draw good houses at this favourite place of amusement. On Friday and Saturday last, a capital adaptation of *The Daughter of the Regiment* was produced, in which Miss Nelson sustained the part of 'Josephine' (why not 'Marie'?) very creditably, and in the course of the piece, sang some songs rather effectively. Her performance on the side-drum, incidental to the character, was worthy of the most expert drummer in Her Majesty's service. Mr. McFaydn, as the 'Peasant,' was also satisfactory, and the other members of the Company acquitted themselves well. On Monday and Tuesday, *La Fille de Madame Angot* was produced, but was a little beyond the powers of the company, neither chorus nor orchestra being sufficiently capable of executing the music as it should be done. However, Miss Nelson made a very fair representative of 'Mdle. Lange.'

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, South Mall.—On Tuesday night Mr. Henry Cross gave a farewell Concert in this hall, prior to his departure for

Salisbury, where he has been appointed lay vicar choral in the Cathedral. The performance, which was a complete success, was ably conducted by Doctor Marks, the talented organist of St. Fin Barre's Cathedral.

EDINBURGH.—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. R. H. Wyndham).—Mr. Charles Mathews, after a fortnight's engagement, has given place to Miss Ada Cavendish, who appeared on Monday evening as 'Macy Merrick' in *The New Magdalen*, perhaps the finest of her impersonations. As *You Like It* was set down for Wednesday night, and, as the charming heroine, Miss Cavendish added another to her list of triumphs. Mr. Vincent's 'Orlando' verged here and there on stagginess, but was, nevertheless, a full and spirited impersonation, and his elocution was excellent. Miss Birchenough, as 'Celia,' played with feeling and intelligence; while Mr. Wyndham's 'Jacques' was an admirable exposition of the melancholy moralist. During the week we have also had *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Hunchback*. For next week we are promised *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Macbeth*.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE (lessee, Mr. A. D. McNeill).—Miss Lizzie Willmore's engagement still continues to draw fair houses at the Princess's. *The Talisman* burlesque, which now goes very smoothly, proves as attractive as ever.

OPERA HOUSE (lessee, Mr. C. Bernard).—The success which has attended the performances at this little theatre has induced the lessee to prevail on Mr. Durand to extend the engagement of his company for one week longer. On Tuesday *The Bohemian Girl* was repeated for Mr. Parkinson's benefit, which proved a "bumper"; and on Wednesday we had, for Mdle. Mariani's behoof, Gounod's *Faust* in an English garb, with the *beneficiaire* in the rôle of 'Marguerite.' Throughout the different scenes of the opera she showed a considerable measure of dramatic power. Mr. Parkinson, as 'Faust,' sang his music correctly and acted with effect. Mr. Durand's 'Mephistopheles' was a decidedly good performance. Miss Palmer acquitted herself remarkably well as 'Siebel,' and made a decided impression in the flower song. Mr. Mather's 'Valentine' was also a fine impersonation; his acting was intelligent and refined, and his excellent singing was conspicuous in the duet trio. Miss Phillips made a good 'Martha,' and Mr. Frank Burgess a creditable 'Wagner.'

EXETER.—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. Neebe).—Saturday night audiences like to have their money's worth, and they certainly got it last Saturday, when the bill was composed of *The Ticket of Leave Man* and the first two acts of *Flying Scud*. On Monday two new pieces were produced, viz., *The Prayer in the Storm* and the burlesque of *The Miller and his Men*. The drama is full of sensation scenes and thrilling situations, which require more room than can be obtained on our little stage. As 'Carlos,' the heavy villain of the piece, Mr. Porter succeeded in showing how very near the sublime may be to the ridiculous. The other characters, however, were very fairly sustained. The burlesque is rather old-fashioned, and decidedly too long, but it is a great improvement on some other pieces of the kind we have had here. Miss Jessie Warner made a very successful first appearance as 'Karl,' and Miss Barrier was a fascinating 'Claudine.' Mr. Cumberland marred his otherwise amusing performance of 'Ravina' by "playing to the gallery." Messrs. Valentine and Honey were very comic as highly virtuous peasants. Mr. Murray was a most dashing representative of 'Grindoff,' and his singing of Sullivan's "Once again" was much applauded; while his men, 'Riber' and 'Golotz,' were rendered sufficiently repulsive by Messrs. Astley and Beveridge.

HUDDERSFIELD.—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. Edward Clayton).—Mr. John Coleman's company, with Miss Helen Barry and Mr. David Fisher, the well-known comedian, have been appearing here with great success during the week. On Monday and Tuesday the sensational drama *Katharine Howard* was produced on both occasions to good audiences, who warmly appreciated Mr. Coleman's clever impersonation of 'Ethelwold,' and Miss Helen Barry's of 'Katharine Howard,' both being called before the curtain. Miss Zerlina Zerbini as 'Margaret Tudor,' and Mr. Frank Huntley as 'Henry VIII,' were also well received. On Wednesday and Thursday Mr. Watts Phillips' *Dead Heart*, in which Mr. David Fisher appeared with his usual ability in his original character of 'The Abbé de Latour,' was played with similar success.

LEICESTER.—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee and manager, Mr. Elliot Galer).—Following upon the excellent performance of *Hamlet*, noticed fully last week, the lessee has produced *The Beggar's Opera*, in which he himself is the 'Captain Macheath,' a musical part capable of all the importance and characteristic ability that Mr. Galer has invested it with. The 'Polly Peachum' and 'Mat o' the Mint,' have fallen to Mr. and Miss Theresa Cummings. *Macbeth* is the next production, and considering our large dramatical and musical resources, we may expect to chronicle another and a most brilliant success. The Japanese troupe remained six nights, and the patronage was fully deserved, for the entertainment was of a most wonderful character.—Chas. Ernest's Prince of Wales's Minstrels occupy the Hall now, and judging by the first night's programme, they may count upon old favours, for they are highly appreciated in Leicester.

LIVERPOOL.—ALEXANDRA THEATRE.—The visit of the Italian opera company concluded with the performance of *Fidelio*, for Madame Titiens' benefit. On Monday Mr. John Clark and Miss Furtado opened in *Ours*, supported by the regular company, that play being alternated with *Progress* throughout the week. Each evening the entertainments have concluded with *The Bonnie Fishwife*. Next Monday Mrs. John Wood reappears here in *An American Cousin*, and the week after, the great revival of *Henry V.* will take place.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—With the very morbid, but effective play of *Corva*, Mrs. Hermann Vezin has attracted good audiences to this theatre during the past fortnight, and, considering the drama was only a reproduction here, the attendance has been a worthy tribute to the actress's high talents. On Monday Mr. Charles Reade will himself produce here his *Never Too Late to Mend*, specially revived with a strong cast.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The winter season was inaugurated here on Monday by the production of a new military spectacular drama, entitled *Napoleon, or the Story of a Flag*, by C. H. Hazlewood. This play has no great literary pretensions, but its purpose is well fulfilled, viz., to allow of strong scenic and spectacular display, for which the management have spared no outlay. Mr. H. Jackson impersonates 'Napoleon the Great,' the hero of the drama, and both looks and acts the part thoroughly. The company has been largely augmented for this effective production. *Aunt Charlotte's Maid* and *Stage Struck*, have been the accompanying pieces, the bill proving very attractive.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Mr. Reece's domestic drama, *May, or Dolly's Delusion*, was first produced on Saturday, and continued throughout this week. It has made a moderately favourable impression, for, though well acted, it has faults of construction that cut the thread of interest, and the humour is at many points forced. Mr. Chas. Groves, Mr. T. H. Potter, Mr. G. L. Gordon, and the Misses. Bella Goodall and M. Harford are the most prominent members of a worthy cast. The burlesque of *The Field of the Cloth of Gold* still forms the afterpiece.

NEW GAIETY THEATRE.—Mr. C. H. Duval, the present lessee, has brought over his company from his Birkenhead Theatre this week, and presented *East Lynne* and *Extremes*, the leading lady being Miss Constance Young, a clever actress, formerly attached to the amphitheatre. Mr. Sidney Davis, and a company fairly equal to the production, have assisted in the strong programme furnished.

BIRKENHEAD THEATRE ROYAL.—This elegant trans-riverine house has been occupied this week by Mr. L. J. Sefton's Comedy Company with *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, varied by *The Palace of Truth*, and concluding with Reece's *Richelieu Redressed*. Liverpudlians living in Cheshire, have not patronised this unusual bill of fare as largely as might have been expected, seeing that Birkenhead is not often honoured by visits from good travelling companies.

The two grand military concerts, given last Saturday by the Coldstream Guard's Band, in conjunction with Miss Edith Wynne, Madame and Mr. Patey, and Mr. W. H. Cummings, quite crammed the large Philharmonic Hall, and was a great success. A grand concert is announced for Monday evening in St. George's Hall by Mdle. Carlotta Patti and concert-party. At the Amphitheatre there is in active preparation Sanger's great spectacular production of *Fair Rosamond*, to be presented in gorgeous style. The heroine was to have been personated by Miss Louise Wiles, the talented actress who created such a sensation by her splendid acting as 'Lady Clancarty' in this theatre, but her re-engagement to continue in her great impersonation for a

lengthened tour has precluded her early return to Liverpool, where she is now prime favourite. At the pantomime houses preparations are far advanced, the Alexandra producing *Jack and the Bean Stalk*, the Rotunda, *Puss in Boots*, and the Royal, *Fortunatus*.

NORWICH.—THEATRE ROYAL (manager, Mr. G. H. Chaplin).—This place of amusement is now open for the season, with a *corps dramatique*, including Miss May Douglas, and Miss Maggie Gardiner, Miss Julia Weston, Miss Camille Delmar, Miss Phillis Moore, and Miss Clara Ash; Mr. G. H. Chaplin, Mr. Norton Wilson, Mr. F. S. Morgan, Mr. A. Nicolas, Mr. H. Graham, and Mr. B. McCullough. Such pieces as *The Orange Girl*, *The Angel of Midnight*, *Lady Audley's Secret*, &c., have been played to not large audiences. A burletta in which the musical powers of Miss Clara Ash have been successfully displayed, has nightly brought the performances to a termination.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.—The German Reed party was here on Wednesday, and Thursday (21st and 22nd), and did an excellent business. On Monday October 26th, the drama entitled *The Forsaken*, was produced with unusually elaborate scenic effects, and has drawn good houses.

PLYMOUTH.—THEATRE ROYAL.—After waiting for many months for a visit of *La Fille de Madame Angot* our wish has been gratified. Last Monday night this theatre, one of the largest and handsomest in the provinces, was opened by the metropolitan opéra-bouffe combination, who have been engaged for six nights. A very large audience assembled to witness Lecocq's masterpiece, and, judging by the great applause, received much satisfaction, although anyone attending to hear and see the efforts of this company under the impression of seeing the same excellence of acting, &c., as produced on the London stage will be disappointed. Yet the artists are above the average, and possess voices of no mean worth; this remark particularly applies to the ladies of the company. The character of 'Mlle. Lange' was admirably portrayed by Miss Annie Howard, her singing and acting being one of the chief attractions. Miss Edith Percy was 'La Fille.' She evinced plenty of life; her singing was also most commendable. The appropriate *abandon* and *chic* of Miss Agnes Fielding as 'Jarotte' was most entertaining; her voice too was excellent. The conspirators' scene does not appear to have taken as may have been expected: probably this is to be attributed to the smallness of the band—five in number.

SHEFFIELD.—THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Josephs Eldred's opéra-bouffe and dramatic company are appearing here in a new opéra-bouffe entitled *Gaiete, or the Merry Strollers*, written by Mr. J. Eldred and Mr. H. Aylen. The music is chiefly from Offenbach and Lecocq. The plot of the piece is not remarkably good, but the company make the most of it. A ballet is introduced occasionally by Madam Ramsden and her daughters, the celebrated dancers. Miss Nina Ramsden, a clever little lady about six years of age, is nightly applauded for her clever rendering of the song, "Wait till I'm a man." The company includes the following:—Mesdames Rose Graham, Carrie Braham and E. Romer, Messrs. J. H. Rogers, Harry Collier, and H. Bertram, who are all clever burlesque artists. The piece is preceded by *Old Friends*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Eldred play the principal parts.

THE ALEXANDRA.—The dramas of *Cast Away* and *Lady Audley's Secret* are being played here, Miss Josephine Fiddes assumes the title roles with her usual ability, and is well supported by the stock company. The great attraction is the appearance of Miss Annie Anderson, a clever vocalist, who bids fair to become a great favourite.

THE ALBERT HALL.—Messrs. Hamilton's Diorama of the Overland Route is still attracting large audiences, although this is now the fifth week of its being exhibited.

HAMILTON'S PANORAMA.

This highly popular entertainment, by far the best of its class, has nearly run its course—and an extraordinarily protracted course it has been—at the Agricultural Hall, and will be finally withdrawn, so far as London is concerned, on the 9th prox. Since our last notice several new scenes have been added, including Boston, showing the city as it appeared during the great fire, November 9, 1872, changing to the city and harbour as under a winter aspect; the return voyage from Boston to Queenstown—the steamer among the icebergs—terrific storm and perilous position of the steamer in the trough of the sea; and Queenstown, Ireland, and Cork Harbour from Spy Hill—arrival of the steamship *Cunard*. The excursions now conclude with a pan-stereorama representing the landing and reception of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at the Terrace Pier, Gravesend. Those who have not seen this attractive pictorial and musical entertainment ought to avail themselves of the present favourable opportunity of doing so.

IN THE PASTURES.

WHERE shall the warrior steed find rest,
Whom from the "rapture of the strife"
Retirement beckons to her breast
And destined to a Sultan's life?
Where, from the tocsin of the bell
That clangs its summons to the fray,
Shall peace reclaim his might to dwell,
And lead unwillingly away?
In some deep pasture river-fed,
O'er-shadowed by fair summer bowers,
There softest dews of night are shed,
And spring unfolds her earliest flowers.
The laughing waters as they glide
Shall prattle of the hero's deeds
To each bright ripple on their tide,
Each whisper of the quivering reeds.
The light cloud-shadows in their flight
Along the bosom of the vale,
Whose airy lords of fleecy white
Across the sun's bright visage sail;
Shall slower flit to catch the sound
That each melodious zephyr brings;
While winds are hushed to sleep around,
And stay the pulses of their wings.
Where the long avenue upleads
To homestead in the sunny lea,
Girt with its wealth of grassy meads,
Like some fair island of the sea;
And caw of rooks at morning's prime,
And evening notes of cushat come
From giant kings of elm and lime
That proudly shade an English home;
There let the conqueror abide
And hold his court in regal state,
And on the bidding of his pride
The flower of nursing mothers wait,
Oft as receding winter's smile
Breaks on the firstling of the year,
And bursting buds, delayed awhile,
Proclaim its vernal honours near.
And over plain and rolling down
Shall triumph's note be borne elate,
His sirehood's majesty to crown,
And hail him father of the great.
Lightly the years shall steal away,
And death, his latest terrors past,
Recall to apathy of clay
The patriarch of the stud at last.

Private Theatricals.

ON Thursday last a large party assembled at Henham Hall, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, to witness an amateur dramatic performance—supported by the following artists:—Sir Baldwin Leighton, Messrs. J. Gallatin, C. Stewart, W. Bradstreet, and A. Musgrave, Lady William Lennox, Mrs. Milner-Gibson, Misses Marion Ely, Milner-Gibson, and Ada Musgrave. The *bijou* theatre erected under the immediate direction of the Countess of Stradbroke is, with its scenery, admirably adapted for such representations, and far superior to the usual drawing room ones. The pieces selected were the comedieta of *Dearest Mamma*, Gilbert's musical fairy piece *Creatures of Impulse*, concluding with the screaming farce of *Little Toddlekens*. The scented programme, furnished by Eugene Rimmel, ran as follows:—

"DEAREST MAMMA."

Mr. Brower	Sir Baldwin Leighton.
Nettle Croker	Mr. J. Gallatin.
Harry Clinton	Mr. C. Stewart.
Jones	Mr. A. Musgrave.
Mrs. Breezeley Fussell	Mrs. Milner-Gibson.
Edith Clinton	Lady William Lennox.
Mrs. Honeywood	Miss Marion Ely.

"CREATURES OF IMPULSE."

Sergeant Klooque	Mr. C. Stewart.
Booblehardt (a miser)	Sir Baldwin Leighton.
Peter (a young farmer)	Mr. J. Gallatin.
Jacques (a villager)	Mr. W. Bradstreet.
Martha (landlady of the "Three Pigeons")	Miss A. Musgrave.
Pipette (her niece)	Lady William Lennox.
A Strange Old Lady	Miss Milner-Gibson.
Villagers, &c.	

"LITTLE TODDLEKENS."

Mr. Jones Robinson Brownsmith	Mr. J. Gallatin.
Mr. Barnaby Babicombe (of Babicombe Bay)	Mr. W. Bradstreet.
Captain Littlepop	Mr. C. Stewart.
Amanthis	Mrs. Milner-Gibson.
Annie Babicombe	Miss Marion Ely.
Susan	Miss A. Musgrave.

Lady William Lennox acted 'Edith Clinton' in an easy, graceful manner, and in the scenes where she shows her gushing affection for "dearest Mamma," her jealousy at her husband's supposed infidelity, and her tender remorse for having wrongfully suspected him, the plaudits she received must have shown her how much her talent was appreciated. As the Alsatian peasant in *Creatures of Impulse*, most picturesquely attired, she acted with the greatest *naïveté*, and her singing was enthusiastically applauded, the introduced song being rapturously encored. Mrs. Milner-Gibson as 'Mrs. Breezeley Fussell' and 'Amanthis,' added another wreath to her well-earned histrionic laurels; her acting in both pieces convulsed the audience with laughter. Miss Marion Ely took infinite pains to render 'Mrs. Honeywood' a prominent character, and succeeded in so doing, her wheedling scene with the cynic 'Nettle Croker' was truly artistic, and Miss Ada Musgrave made a most favourable *début*, giving promise of becoming a first-rate amateur artiste. Sir Baldwin Leighton proved himself a dramatic Atlas, for he had to support the weight of the two pieces. His 'Uncle Brower' was hearty and genial, 'his Jew—the Jew that Gilbert drew,' and in both characters he proved himself a first-rate actor. Mr. C. Stewart was an efficient 'Harry Clinton,' and as 'Sergeant Klooque' acted and sang marvellously well. His topical song, written by the acting and stage manager, Lord William Lennox, was deservedly encored; the topics of the day were most happily treated. Mr. Gallatin was most cynical as 'Nettle Croker,' and as 'Peter,' dramatically speaking 'The Great,' enchanted all by his acting and singing.

Mr. Bradstreet made the most of 'Jacques,' and made the audience roar with laughter as 'Mr. Barnaby Babicombe,' while Mr. Musgrave as 'Jones,' in *Dearest Mamma*, was the *beau-ideal* of the high-life below-stairs school. Some youthful scions of the Rous family were conspicuous for their cleverness and prettiness as villagers. Last, not least, the lady whose name did not appear in the bills, but who presided most efficiently at the pianoforte, must not be omitted; she proved herself to be a thorough musician. The *misc en scène*, the choruses, and the dresses in *Creatures of Impulse* were excellent, the latter being private property, and not "hired for the occasion." Altogether, the Henham Hall theatricals may be pronounced to be like the motto of the regiment to which the gallant and popular host formerly belonged, "Nulli Secundus," and great praise is due not alone to the host and hostess for their unbounded hospitality, but to the *corps dramatique*, not omitting the acting and stage manager, Lord William Lennox, whose exertions in the cause were truly energetic.

Among the topics introduced into the song written by Lord William Lennox, and sung by Mr. Stewart, were the following:—The Gladstone dissolution of parliament, his abdication, Disraeli's premiership, Hon. Henry Rous, the Admiral *par excellence*, his gallant prowess with the *fleet* in bringing the *Pique* frigate across the Atlantic, rudderless, and his prowess on the Turf, when all on the downs of Goodwood the *fleet* are met; the popularity of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the birth of the son of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, capture of Nana Sahib, explosion in the Regent's Park, urgent appeal to the audience to subscribe to the fund for the sufferers, "Britons, strike home," unlike modern strikes, allusions to the host and hostess, and the *corps dramatique*. All the above hits were most humorously treated, and created no little amusement.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

AMY ROBSART.

Few pieces have taken so firm a hold on the favour of playgoers as Mr. Andrew Halliday's adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's picturesque novel, "Kenilworth." Since its first appearance at Drury Lane, on the 24th of September, 1870, it has been reproduced several times at that establishment, and played in most of the principal provincial towns, and now, for the first time, it is presented, with a peculiarly strong cast, to the audience of the Standard Theatre, by whom it is received with as much enthusiasm as ever. The many strong situations of the piece bring down round after round of applause, which culminate in a perfect burst of cheering as the subtle villain Varney falls like a woodcock to his own spring. It is not surprising that Mr. James Bennett, who is famous for his impersonation of 'Iago,' should succeed in adroitly bringing out all the prominent points of this difficult character; showing how by plausible and specious language he overcomes the scruples of the easily led Leicester, and urges him on to his dark designs. Mr. Pennington's handsome figure, natural elegance, and ardent demeanour make it a matter of little wonder that Elizabeth should fall in love with the stately Earl; while the disappointed lover, 'Edmund Tressilian,' is played by Mr. George Hamilton with a passionate earnestness that carries with it the full sympathies of the audience. To the part of 'Sir Walter Raleigh,' Mr. Frank Stainforth, who originally played in the piece at Drury Lane, brings as much courtly grace as if he had all his life dressed in the dignified costume of the Elizabethan age. As the 'Queen,' Miss Bufton is truly regal, and far surpasses in appearance all who have yet played the part; and we must also give the preference to Miss Frances Bouverie over all the 'Amies' we have seen. This young lady, who has great emotional power and delicate tenderness,

seems to have been neglected by the London managers, much to their own loss and to that of the public. The drunken swash-buckler, 'Mike Lambourne,' finds an able representative in Mr. G. Byrne, as do 'Wayland Smith,' the nimble-fingered juggler, and the active imp, 'Flibbertigibbet,' in Messrs. T. Hinton and Fred Mitchell; M. de Belleville makes a handsome and elegant 'Earl of Sussex,' perhaps for the character too handsome; and Mr. Robins is an excellent 'Tony-Fire-the-Faggot.' The pageantry and revels are produced under the able superintendence of Mr. John Cormack; Mr. Richard Douglas has painted new scenery for the piece, which will compare very favourably with that of Mr. William Beverly at Drury Lane, and the whole piece is put upon the stage in a manner that deserves a long run.

MR. JOHN HARE.—Great surprise has been generally felt at the secession of this popular comedian from the Prince of Wales's Theatre. We are informed that Mr. Hare resigned his engagement under the following circumstances. The outline of a comic plot was described to him by an eminent dramatist, at whose request Mr. Hare mentioned it to the management of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The idea was approved, and the dramatist was commissioned to write a piece, in which Mr. Hare was to play the principal part—that of a young lover in the commencement, and the same personage, thirty years later, meeting his early love. The piece was written and read, and Mr. Hare received his part, which he studied for several months. Recently, at one of the rehearsals of the piece, he was informed by the management that the part would be taken from him, and given to a leading member of the company, who is best known in connection with juvenile rôles. Under these circumstances Mr. Hare felt himself forced to resign. That the dramatist who obtained his first introduction to the Prince of Wales's Theatre through Mr. Hare should allow this interference with his friend's position—which would have been unassailable, had the author insisted on the part being played by the actor for whom he had wrote it—seems incomprehensible. One thing is clear. The Prince of Wales's Theatre has lost one of its greatest attractions. Whether the loss will be compensated by the efforts of the dramatist in question remains to be seen.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.—These favourite artists will not appear at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, although engaged and announced. We are able to explain the mystery; which, if we are correctly informed, resolves itself into a determination on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal to insist on a strict fulfilment of the conditions under which they agreed to accept an engagement. They had no objection to play 'Bassanio' and 'Portia' in the forthcoming revival of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, but they claimed the fulfilment of a promise that they should first appear in one of the pieces already in their repertoire, or, at least, in some piece of the kind with which they are popularly identified. This was only bare justice to artists of their high standing. No one likes to play "second fiddle" unless he has previously had a chance of proving himself able to play "first fiddle;" and as there can be no question of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's qualifications, it would have been not only just, but politic, to introduce them to the boards of the Prince of Wales's Theatre in a manner befitting their artistic status. Managers, however, are wise people, and there may be a Machiavellian diplomacy in a course of managerial action which involves the indignant resignation of the most popular number of a company; followed by the precipitate retreat of two distinguished and valuable artists, who were willing to strengthen that company if properly treated.

MR. H. J. MONTAGUE IN NEW YORK.—The *Arcadian* has the following anent our favourite *jeune premier*:—"Why Mr. Henry J. Byron's *Partners for Life* was selected to open the regular season at Wallack's, and introduce Mr. H. J. Montague to an American audience, we know not, except it was to show how successfully brilliant acting can overcome and hide the stupidity of a very loosely constructed and improbable piece. The plot of this last candidate for public favour turns upon the separation of a young married couple, because the wife had deceived her husband by allowing him to marry her under the belief that she was poor, when in reality she was very rich. The audience that is ready and willing to accept this little incident as something quite natural and true to life will no doubt swallow and digest the whole play *con amore*. Let a mediocre company play *Partners for Life*, and the result would be something fearful to contemplate. Probably, however, the audience would go to sleep after the first act. There is no fear of such an event happening at Wallack's. The company is too good. We fancy that is why the house is so popular. The public always know that, whatever the merits of the play, it is sure to be well acted. On Wednesday night the old favourites and the new one—for Mr. Montague is so already—surpassed themselves and won the hearts of a very select audience by a most delightful and finished performance. As we cannot speak of the merits of the play, let us seek relief in the acting. Place for the new-comer. We knew from the first Mr. Montague would please. The word 'please' exactly describes the effect his freshness and easy grace are sure to have on every audience. On the stage and off the stage he is just the same bright, hearty, winning fellow that no one could ever dream of quarrelling with or speaking of except by a nickname. We notice that some of our wise contemporaries have discovered hidden depths of power in this gentleman. They are all wrong. Let them accept him just for what he is, namely, the handsomest, merriest, most charming *jeune premier* of the English stage, and let them be satisfied with that. Surely it is enough."

BOOTH'S THEATRE TO BE SOLD.—Booth's Theatre will be sold under foreclosure on November 5, and the friends of Mr. Booth intend so assist him through his difficulties, if possible. The theatre cost \$1,000,000, and was expected to be a profitable investment; but, through the depreciation in the value of real estate, the enterprise was a disastrous one. At the time of the panic Mr. Booth was carrying about \$45,000 in the shape of accommodation paper of his own, and about \$70,000 of accommodation placed by a former partner. He experienced some difficulty in meeting his obligations during the crisis, and some of the second and third mortgages on the property were called in, and as the money was not forthcoming, foreclosure proceedings took place. To settle up his estate, and to keep himself from being forced into bankruptcy, Mr. Booth filed his petition, and went into voluntary bankruptcy. The liabilities on the theatre are \$45,000, the mortgagee foreclosing is third mortgage for \$40,000 with costs and interest. The mortgages taking precedence of this foreclosing mortgage amount to \$300,000. Of these, \$175,000 are "first mortgages," and the holders of these are not desirous of changing their investment. There is also a later mortgage of \$100,000, not yet due. The property is assessed by the city at about half a million, and the rents now received for it, including \$40,000 rent of the theatre property under an engaged lease from the late lessee, Mr. J. B. Booth, pay the average interest for such property on the value of \$600,000. Mr. Booth's friends declare that, if now rescued, he would fight his way through this crisis, and eventually succeed in his great undertaking. They state that Mr. Booth's unsecured creditors will extend to him all the leniency he may require, and that, if enough money can be raised to satisfy mortgages amounting to \$300,000, the security for which is good, the affairs of Mr. Booth may be arranged and the theatre remain in his hands.—*New York Paper*.



IN THE PASTURES.

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BY THE BYE

is a short title, but it expresses sufficiently well what we intend these articles to be, namely, a mere omnium gatherum of things sporting and dramatic collected during our wanderings by the by-ways, and illustrated here and there by—excuse the spelling—by



from a prankish pencil. Mentioning a short title reminds us of a title anything but short, that given—by the bye, when authors are so generous in giving, why do the public so often refuse to take?—that given by Dr. John Wolf to a work published in the seventeenth century, which had for its name an interminable breath-exhausting pompous procession of Latin epithets setting forth that it was "A Book Rich and Rare," dug out of "Hidden Depths" and "highly embellished with whatever there is most worthy of note in Allegory, in Tropology, in Allusion, Anagogic, Hierographic, Symbolical, Iconographic, and Mythological; in the Orphic Meanings, in Inscriptions, in Emblems, in the Apothegms of Great Men, in Proverbs, in Parables, in Moral Maxims, &c. &c., to the extent of—pages." Now, if you want wonders, that is the book for you, and speaking of wonders—

BY THE BYE, have you seen a somewhat lengthy paragraph which has gone "the round of the press" concerning the wife of a famous earth-stopper who long since was a stopper in earth—but that is a grave subject—and who actually reversed the process by which Romulus and Remus were preserved, and, moved by pity and the request of her husband, gave suck to a brood of young foxes, whose dam had been shot by a poacher? The story is strange, but true enough, and at the time when it was first told in print by a gentleman who could both win and wield the brush, some amusing lines were appended to the account, which may appropriately enough follow in the wake of its republication by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. There are those amongst us who remember old Will Norris, earth-stopper to the East Kent Foxhounds, in his weather-stained and discoloured old red coat and rusty hunting cap, quite well, and who yet tell the youngsters how curiously kindly Nan, his wife, reared her adopted progeny to afford in after times much excellent sport to the East Kent Hunt. Here are the lines:—

FROM MRS. NORRIS IN THE COUNTRY TO HER FRIEND IN TOWN.

Mrs. Phipps, it will be the death o' me; as I'm a sinner, my poor wits is goin' clean

That ever you should say they put the likes o' me in the *Sporting Magazine*!

You wouldn't ha' taken no one else's word for 't, nor would I that had telled me so;

But one as had it of the devil, that's her own little nevy as works in the Row.

Be good to us! what is to become o' me! I'm fit this blessed hour to swoond,

Why, I wouldn't ha' had sitch as it happen not for a matter o' twenty-pound!

Oh! lanks a daisy day!—there's a twitterin' all over me—there is, dear, raly;

I'm sure I couldn't ha' been no worser dashed at the bar o' the Old Bailey.

It'll be in all the print-shop winders, so 'twill, and on the lids of the snuff-boxes,

The picter of the 'oman that suckled the small young family of foxes.

I shall be the talk of all Lunnun town, I shall; they'll not mind it a farden

To show me up in a stage play at Doory Lane or Common Garden!

That ever a girl should go to marry and get in a sitivation so bewilderin'

As to be wet nuss to strange varmint as well as her own lawful childer!

Not but what I pittied the poor little creeturs, but then I think it far more fitter

That every mother—that is a vick I mean—should take care and purvide for her own litter:

But oh! Molly! is there any sitch wonder that in a Christian land

A body should be found to take a brood of poor motherless cubs by the hand?

Sure, haven't we heard tell among pagans in the time of Columbus and Polyphemus

As how a wolf nussed two grand emp'rers called Romulus and Remus?



YOUNG JOHN LILLYWHITE.

(From a Sketch.)

Yet folks now-a-days will raise a shindy and make sitch a route That a woman should have as much nater in her as a wild hanimal wi' a snout!

Well, suppose the fine ladies in Lunnun turns up their noses and says, "Oh! fie!"

Is there one of the gigmaree madams can say black is the white of my eye?

God be thanked, tho' I'm poor, I'm honest and never did nuffin improper.

Yours, Mrs. Phipps, till death,

NAN NORRIS,
Wife of the Earth-stopper.

So pleaded some rude rhymster a few years after the event in question, when old Will was alive and hearty at Feltham, near Canterbury, reposing upon the laurels he had won in the course of his forty years' experience as earth-stopper. His wife's portrait was painted "by request" in "the extraordinary act of suckling a fox cub," and the painter was the sporting artist we have referred to—Mr. F. C. Turner—whose picture was afterwards engraved for the *Sporting Magazine*.

BY THE BYE, in old Will's time foxes were foxes, and the loss of three promising young cubs would not only have been a great grief to him, but a matter of lament to the hunt. A great number of foxes used then to be brought over from France, but the complaint was that what our famous earth-stopper would have called "the forineering gemmen" did not give much sport.

BY THE BYE, while we are on the subject of foxhunting, we may note another amusing story which used to be told of another Kentish worthy, one John Ward, a gentleman of the old school, remarkable for his corpulency, who kept a pack of hounds, and kept them in a condition which was more conducive to increase in weight than celerity of motion. He was out one morning early, when in passing through a gateway he was attracted by a broad grin on the face of a shambling rustic, who was making him the usual obeisance by pulling his forelock.

when I said they were

Master Ward's, he said, "Thank ye, farmer; then I've no need to hurry myself, so good morning."



years since and at the time named, but we heard nothing of these races, and we have since been told that they were long since discontinued. But what has been done with the money?

BY THE BYE, Faversham reminds us of a very old play, *Arden of Faversham*, of which we retain a kind of vague nightmare impression, having seen it in our youth. It was written by a wealthy London jeweller named George—in Chambers's "Encyclopedia of English Literature," by the bye, he is called William—Lillo, who was also the author of a better known work which still crops up occasionally to hold the stage, *George Barnwell*, of which Cumberland wrote:—"We act it about once a season with much the same relish as we eat salt fish with on Good Friday." The original George Barnwell was one David Ross, a tragedian of a tolerably high standing, who was then prominent at Covent Garden. He made great stir in the part, and when in his old age he smoked a quiet pipe in the little private parlour of the "Bush" Inn at Bristol, he was wont to tell, with pardonable pride, how upon one occasion a real Barnwell, beggared in fortune, and desperately resolved against his uncle's life, entered the theatre to kill a restless hour before the commission of the murder, and there contemplating his counterpart, the strange coincidence and the powerful effect exercised upon his feelings by the actor's talent made him realise the full horror of his position, and terrified him from the crime. Thus "guilty creatures sitting at a play," &c. Ross in his later days had grown very portly, and the play of the muscles of his face, which he very cleverly made use of, was concealed by fat. On the last occasion on which he assumed his favourite character, Quin was behind the scenes, where he encountered him. The satirist observed him curiously for a minute and then exclaimed, "George Barnwell. David! the Apprentice, d—n me if you don't look more like the Lord Mayor of London!" Quin got off more easily from Ross than he did from poor Bowen the actor, who compelled him to fight with him, and was killed, for giving a very similar offence. Quin was however habitually rude. When the Duchess of Marlborough invited him to dine with her, and helped herself to some lean from a haunch of venison, he asked, "Does your Grace eat no fat?" and being assured that she never did from venison, he exclaimed, "I like to dine with such fools. On another occasion, at another table, the host inviting Quin to partake of a delicious pudding, from which a certain gentleman had just helped himself to an immense piece, the satirical dog of an actor, looking from the latter's plate to the dish, at length said, as if puzzled, "Which is the pudding?" Imagine him, as



"Well, man," said he, "have you seen the fox?"

"Yes, master; I just see him go thro' the gap."

"Well, and what did he say to make you grin so?"

"Why, he axed whose hounds were out this morning, and

Cumberland describes him, in a green velvet coat embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottom periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes, uttering these words in a deep, full-toned tragic voice that "set the table in a roar."

BY THE BYE, returning for a minute or two to Lillo, there is an anecdote told of him in the latter portion of his life which appears to have been forgotten, and may therefore bear re-telling. Lillo was a rich man, and like most rich men he had many friends whose delight it was to flatter him. Suspecting their sincerity, he resolved to put it to the test. One by one he asked them to lend him on his note of hand a large sum of money. In each case the fervent gush of greeting gave place to faltering speech and confusion ending in either excuses or decided refusals—in each case but one—his nephew lent the money, and had his reward, for on the death of our successful dramatist and goldsmith it was found that the bulk of Lillo's property had been bequeathed to him. Lillo died in 1739.

BY THE BYE, good bye, for we must by this time have more than filled the space allotted to our weekly dose of sporting and dramatic table-talk.

ALFRED H. DOUBLEYEW.

FOXHUNTING IN IRELAND SOME YEARS AGO.

BY RALPH NEVILLE.

(Continued from page 64.)

FROM its popularity, or the exigencies of the service, our regiment remained a second year in the same quarters, and I became so completely domiciled amongst the Connaught gentry that I may without hesitation say the pleasantest days of my life were passed in their society. I needed no invitation, for every house was open to me, and with a hearty welcome, the frankness and cordiality of the reception I invariably received set me at once quite at ease with my hosts. There was, no doubt, a good deal of the ludicrous in many of the incidents which came under my notice, and those arose principally from the expedients some of the best amongst my friends were compelled to have recourse to for the purpose of keeping up their social position, with far less means of doing so than their ancestors possessed when they commenced a career of senseless extravagance for which their descendants were then in very many instances paying the penalty. As the law stood during the boyhood of many I became acquainted with, such of them as were Roman Catholics could not receive education at home, and as they, as well as the female members of their families, were sent at an early age to foreign seminaries, they returned, at least in manners, accomplished gentlemen. A stranger encountered this difficulty in mixing in their society, they were almost all in some degree related; so that a disparaging remark unwittingly passed upon an O'Donnell might irritate an O'Maley, and to such a degree was the regard for consanguinity carried that I once heard a gentleman, whose interference was besought to prevent a duel, excuse himself on the ground "that it was impossible for him to do so, as both intending combatants stood exactly in the same degree of relationship to him, and of course the honour of their families was equally dear to him."

As we rode home one evening, after a splendid run with the "Blazers," my friend Maurice proposed that we should set out next day to visit a relative of his who lived at some distance, and spend a week with him. He kept hounds, and we should, he said, be certain of good hunting and shooting, as well as of meeting a lot of jolly fellows, for the house was generally well filled. We had only to send our servants and horses on before, and travel by car ourselves. On my suggesting that our arrival without invitation or notice might prove an embarrassment to the family, he told me there was an immense barrack-room in which a dozen beds were always standing, and any number of mattresses could be laid on the floor in case of emergency, while there were plenty of stables in the stable. On my enquiry if there was any hostility in the vicinity where my servant and horses could take up their quarters, he ridiculed the idea, and assured me that such a proposition would be regarded as very offensive. We arrived at the house of Maurice's relative just in time to dress for dinner, and found a party of about twenty. After the ladies retired, the intended proceedings for the next day were discussed and duly arranged. Our host was a fine, vigorous old gentleman turned of sixty, who made it his practice to commence work at an earlier hour than is now the rule, for he considered it a great advantage to "throw off" as soon as it could be done with convenience in the morning. He assured me that, though his kennel had no pretentious appearance, and contained but thirty couple of a mixed pack, he hoped to show me good sport, as he never kept a hound having the slightest imperfection in shape, or the least defect which could interfere with his performance in the field. He had inherited the pack with his estate, and always took special care to weed out any unpromising puppies, so that the small number he "entered" were amply sufficient for the amusement of himself and his friends, as he seldom hunted more than twice a week, and that in his own neighbourhood he nominally, he said, held the "horn" himself, but he had a whip a capital horseman, brought up in his service, who quite understood his business, and was perfectly competent to act as a huntsman on any extraordinary occasion. He never desired any more assistance, for he held it as a dogma of his sporting faith that hounds should never be "over-manned," and considered that the feeding-room and the kennel was the place where discipline should be inculcated and enforced, as he found from experience that, when kept under proper command there, severe punishment was seldom required by well-bred dogs in the field.

"There is one perfection in my hounds," he added, "on which I pride myself very much, and which I hope you will approve of, and that is their music. Foxhounds are naturally sharp-tongued, and I have endeavoured to remedy what I, for my part, consider a defect, by a judicious and, of course, gradual infusion of fresh blood; and this I effected by breeding from sires derived from a cross of the blood and otter hound, thus giving a deepness of tongue combined with an acuteness of smell."

We reached the covert-side before ten o'clock next morning, and found there some twenty well appointed and well mounted men, who were evidently sportsmen, in the true acceptance of the word, as all of them afterwards, without exception, rode up so as to see and enjoy every hit made by the dogs during a run of about ten Irish miles. There were a few young ladies too, but they only waited—to my great satisfaction—to witness the "break;" for I always found the presence of women in the field embarrassing to men, and dangerous to themselves; and during a long experience I scarcely knew one who indulged in the unfeminine practice that did not eventually come to grief. Amongst the persons assembled was one so remarkably rigged out that he at once attracted my attention. His legs from the sole of his boots to the knees were protected on either side by two broad pieces of iron hoops, thickly studded with finely pointed nails, while his nose was greatly swollen and strapped with plaster. Our host addressed him as "Anthony," said he was sorry to hear he had met with an accident, and asked him what had happened to his nose. "You may well ask that, Sir," he replied; "and it's very well that I have a nose at all. I bought this brute I'm riding at Dyer's; he was engaged to be perfectly gentle, and indeed allowed me to examine his feet and mouth quietly, but the morning after arriving home he managed to

get the thumb of the stable-boy, who held the bridle, into his mouth and chewed it off. I jumped into the saddle, resolved to punish him, but before I could take the reins, he seized me by the leg, and when I made him let go, by a cut of my whip, and stooped to rub my shin, he caught me by the nose, which he would have taken clean off, but that fortunately he caught the crop of the whip along with it, which saved me from mutilation. See," pointing to his iron casing, "what I invented to save myself, and I'm happy to say that on trying his old trick he got such a pickling as will, I expect, prevent his making the experiment again."

The master of the hounds took them into covert, and in a very few minutes we heard the whip, who was placed in observation, give the cheering cry of "Tally-ho! tally-ho! hark forward to head tally-ho-o-o!" We went off at a rattling pace, and with abundance of room for every one to select his own place, and I never saw hounds settle more promptly to their business or perform it in better style; they were indeed what might justly be described as a pack of "beauties," with fine and well set on heads, high shoulders, muscular quarters, stout legs, and well-formed feet. Their cry was exceptionally sweet, and their pace sufficiently fast to give quite enough of employment to those who followed them, and ultimately to deal successfully with their game. No hounds ever afforded more sport, enhanced as the enjoyment of the run with them was by the absence of persons who come to ride without in the least caring for the sport they profess to like for fashion's sake, and who but too often in their efforts to attract attention interfere with the comfort and even the safety of others. It was quite a pleasure to notice how the pack, that a sheet might have covered when they chanced to over-run the scent, burst like a rocket, and without interference, but solely guided by their own natural instinct, made their cast, formed their circle, and, having recovered the line again, went merrily on their way. Our fox was evidently a stranger, who had but visited the wood in which we found him, and in his ignorance of a nearer refuge made straight for home. No striking incident occurred during the first part of our run, but towards its close, as the horses began to tire, "Anthony," who rode well, and whose savage mount was a thoroughly good hunter, though a difficult-tempered one to manage, took a decided lead. "Pickle," as he was called, who had an ugly trick of chucking the bit of his snaffle-bridle, the only one he could be rode in, and then taking such part of the fence in front as suited his pleasure, generally in its most difficult spot, rushed at a wall on the other side of which was a deep pit where some men were employed in digging gravel and forming a conical heap of it to allow the rough pebbles to roll to the bottom before screening. They had already raised a considerable heap when "Anthony" and his horse came tumbling upon them from above, and fortunately alighted upon its apex. The rider kept his seat, and used his hands effectively, while the horse after sinking to his withers in the sand without receiving any injury, released himself by a strenuous effort and flung his owner over his head. Unluckily a local stallion was being exercised close by, and at him "Pickle" immediately went, when they engaged in a desperate encounter, "Anthony's" horse seizing his adversary by the crest, while his opponent got hold of the flap of "Pickle's" saddle. The contest was carried on with such determination that whips made no impression on the combatants, and it was only when two men employed threshing oats arrived and laid on them with their flails that they could be separated. This event would have deprived those who stopped to see the fight of all chance of again catching the hounds, but for another, which occurred almost simultaneously, and retarded their progress. A woman employed in carrying turf from a bog to a pasture field, and filling a large osier "kish" for the cart to carry it away, seeing the hounds and horsemen coming right towards her, proceeded at once to take shelter under it; but just as it was falling mouth under over her, Reynard, hard pressed, slipped in, and the dogs assailed the improvised refuge on all sides. A portion of the woman's petticoat covering the pocket which contained bacon for her dinner unfortunately protruded from beneath the kish, and at this some of the hounds tugged with such violence that she dreaded being drawn out, and feeling equally alarmed at the fox's seeking protection close under her opposite side, she shouted with all her might for assistance. The hounds being drawn off, Reynard, allowed such ease as gave him a fair chance for his life, proceeded gallantly on his way. He was now evidently near his own home, for he profited by his knowledge of the country, and everyone who enjoyed the sport he afforded rejoiced when he reached his earth in safety, with the hounds actually snapping at his brush.

Most of those in the field were engaged for dinner at our host's. "Anthony," disfigured though he was, could not resist the prospect of a pleasant evening and agreed to join us; he was obliged, however, first to return home, as "Pickle" was somewhat the worse for his engagement and fatigue, and besides he was looked upon as too dangerous to be admitted to any stable with other horses. It was quite amusing to see how the rascal occasionally stole a look at his master's legs to see if he had a chance of biting them with impunity, and how quickly he abandoned his intention when he saw the defences. Whilst the assembled guests were whiling away time in the drawing-room until the dinner-bell sounded, "Anthony" was announced, and was immediately overwhelmed with a multitude of questions concerning "his nose." Some who had seen him since the accident assured him "that the swelling had visibly subsided," while others, who had not, demanded how it happened. Before he had time to reply to the first enquiries, a young lady of the house, a cousin, assured him "that it was perfectly hideous;" when her mother, to lessen the unpleasantness of her remark, said "he had a fortunate escape," and the parson solemnly declared "that it was Providence saved his eye."—"Well, I suppose it was," said "Anthony," with more than usual solemnity; "and if I hadn't the luck to show my face half an hour ago, this same 'nose' would have sent me into eternity."—"How, how?" everyone enquired in a general chorus. "Well," he continued, "you all know how the ruins of Kildare Castle stand—in an angle where the road from my house intersects the road to this—the very spot at which poor Joyce was shot three years ago. Just as I was driving quietly along the off side, a fellow discharged a blunderbuss point black at me." "It's no joke," he said, in answer to a general cry of "Nonsense, nobody would assassinate you."—"Look at the gig," he continued, "if you don't believe me, and you will see that two bullets passed through its back and out through the dash-board; and if Tim Bourke, my servant, happened to be there, he could not have escaped. Before I turned the angle, the fellow who fired at me had crossed the great hall, and as I fortunately looked round, I saw him deliberately taking aim at me from a window. I repeat, fortunately, for the moment he saw my full face, he roared out, 'Tear an' ounds, is that yerself, Master Anthony; I hope I haven't killed you.' By gorra, I wouldn't hurt a hair of yer head for the best cow in the parish. It was yer 'nose' deceived me; it's so like the Scotch steward's Lord — brought over, who turned off all the auld hands that worked in the demesne, and it was for him I was waiting. I most humbly ask pardon for evening yer Honour's 'nose' to such a fellow's as that, but it's greatly changed since I saw ye last. Just wait, yer Honour, till I get into the gig to see you safe home, for fear anyone else would molest you on the way." I need scarcely say I did not accept his companionship.

There was a burst of surprise and laughter at the *bonhomie* of his assailant, but "Anthony" assured them it would have proved a very unpleasant matter if he had been shot in mistake for another. He never, he said, would mount that infernal horse again.

A dancing-master, a very extraordinary character, who travelled with a groom and pair of horses, and was always received at table, arrived during the day at our host's. He had for many years past taught the children of the county families, and it was so arranged that when he visited each house in turn, his past and present pupils of the neighbourhood assembled there for the week he remained, to take their lessons together. He hunted regularly, and told such Münchhausen stories of his own exploits in the field that he afforded general amusement. Anthony's jump formed a subject of conversation after dinner, when he asserted that it was nothing in point of danger to a similar accident which had happened to himself. On the other side of a fence which he took was a quarry of such depth that he solemnly declared "he repeated the Lord's Prayer three times before landing at the bottom." Later on he bet five pounds that he should ride his mare "Rigadoon" over a five-barred gate with his hands tied behind his back—a feat which he successfully performed next morning at the first attempt, and without a bungle. On returning to the drawing-room, we found a bevy of his past and present *élèves*, who had been detained by our hostess for the occasion, receiving instruction from the master, while the servant played the fiddle, and the evening terminated with an improvised but most agreeable dance.

(To be continued.)

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—Dr. JOHNSON.

WITH the Houghton Meeting, which terminates this (Saturday) afternoon, the racing season of 1874 at "head-quarters" will be brought to a close, and when its history comes to be written, a more eventful one will hardly be found in the annals of the Turf. Most fortunately the weather, although threatening on the first day, was quite as propitious as in the two preceding October weeks, thus enabling the numerous visitors whom the Cambridgeshire had attracted to Newmarket from all quarters to thoroughly enjoy themselves. The mornings in particular were so fine, bright, and mild, that the training grounds were crowded by noblemen and gentlemen desirous to see their own horses as well as the different teams at work, and by speculators anxious to pick up any piece of information that might be useful to them in the ring during the afternoon. The proceedings commenced on Monday at 1.40 in the presence of a rather thin company, but the 11.30 train from St. Pancras brought down a large accession of visitors, among whom were several members of the Jockey Club, and other influential patrons of the national pastime, who, thanks to the excellent time kept, reached the course in good time, not only to see the Criterion run for, but to speculate upon it were they so minded. The "late birds" had no loss in not seeing the opening event, a two-year-old selling race, which fell to the Danebury stable by the aid of Duncombe, a son of Ceylon and Traviata, by Stockwell, a mare on whom the late Marquis of Hastings had many a plunge. Duncombe was bred by Lord Feversham, and bought at his sale by Mr. I. Ingham, but having never done anything to distinguish himself, and not being fancied by the Danebury people, he started the worst favourite of the four runners, Athlete, in T. Brown's stable, being made the favourite; but nevertheless Duncombe held the lead throughout, and won easily. The succeeding event being the Cambridgeshire Trial Stakes excited nothing like the interest that race has done on many previous occasions, owing to very few of the great stables which had horses engaged in the Cambridgeshire sending anything to contend for it. Of the ten runners, Mr. Chaplin furnished no fewer than three, viz.—Pearl, Lacy, and Blanche-fleur, while Manton sent Manton to run for it; the Anglo-French stable, Drummond; Bedford Lodge, King George; Mr. H. Jennings, Lorient; and the remainder comprised Bertrand, Perotes, and Coturnix. Although nothing was supported to any extent, Manton, who had won his trial, and Lacy, who had been down to Malton to try Khedive, the race was watched with immense interest. And great was the astonishment created when Pearl passed the winning chair half a length in advance of Manton never having been headed from start to finish, while Lacy, who was ridden by Mr. Chaplin's own jockey, H. Jeffrey, appeared to be able to get no nearer than fifth, being beaten by both Blanche-fleur and Bertrand. Of course Mr. Chaplin could not win with both Pearl and Lacy, but it did seem strange to those in the secret of Khedive's trial, in which Lacy beat Pearl by many a length at even weights, that he now suffered such an easy defeat. Be that as it may, Mr. Chaplin seemed quite satisfied with the result, and, doubtless as a blind to subsequent operations, which before the close of the day convulsed the Ring, commenced operations by taking from Mr. C. Head 2000 to 100 about Pearl. The wielders of the pencil were not however to be bamboozled by this feat, as they continued to lay against her all sorts of prices, and although 1000 to 30 and 1000 to 25 were several times taken, she was before the termination of the races driven to 50 to 1. But meanwhile the money was being got on Khedive, who, notwithstanding the long shots betted against him on Saturday, was now backed down to 9 to 1, with every appearance of his becoming a still better favourite. The Criterion was contested by a field of ten horses, and the result in favour of Garterly Bell showed once more the extraordinary in and out running which has been the marked characteristic of nearly all the chief two-year-old contests during the season. And on this occasion it was not only so in regard to the winner, but to his stable companion Lady Love, who, though, like Balfe, carrying a penalty of 4lb, not only defeated that horse, but finished second, while Vae Victis, who ran a good second to Cachmere at Northampton and to Galopin at Ascot, could only get fourth, while beaten some distance were Tartine, Mirriflor, colt by Lord Clifden out of Maid of the Mist, Grey Palmer, Herrman, and colt by Suffolk out of Lady Nelson. The two latter, who ran for the first time, are very good-looking youngsters, particularly the colt by Suffolk, whom he much resembles, while Herrman, who is by Sundeelah out of Dutchman's Daughter, takes after The Flying Dutchman family both in colour and appearance. Balfe, notwithstanding the antipathy he showed to the lill in his contest with La Sautense in the "first week," was made the favourite, and after him the most famed was Mirriflor, while Lord Falmouth's pair were backed coupled at 4 to 1, as much as 8 to 1 being betted against Garterly Bell and Vae Victis. None of the party, except Balfe, had ever previously compassed so long a course, and the issue of the race showed Garterly Bell to possess fine staying powers. For this good-looking son of Blair Athol and Silverhair, I consequently anticipate a successful career, and if he does not emulate the performance of Thormanby and Lord Lyon by winning the Derby, he may, like Margrave, Elio, Achievement, and Pero Gomez, carry off the St. Leger, as he is bred in the right way, and possesses both size and power with superb action. Mirriflor, another horse of superior stamp, and who

is also bred in the right way to race, being by Soapstone (the last remaining son of Touchstone) out of Beauty, by Knowsley, her dam Bargain by Barton, I regretted to see pull up lame on his off fore leg, which hardly looks like standing. *Vae Victis* has not grown or improved anything since Ascot, and although she ran fast, I question if she will ever prove to be a stayer. The Trial Stakes was an easy affair for Thunder, as he had only to give 7lb to Royal George, 17lb to Daniel, and 24lb to Decorator. Royal George made a middling fight of it, but French Daniel, although a remarkable strong good-shaped horse, resembling in many points his sire Marksman, was beaten so far and so easily that it shook the confidence of a good many in *Peut-être's* ability to win the great race of Tuesday. For the two remaining events, a Selling Sweepstakes and the First Welter, the great Anglo-French stable furnished the winner in La Gelée and John. Sessay, in Low's stable at Illsley, was a hot favourite for the selling race, but could get no nearer than third, the second place being supplied by Independence, who had only a head the best of the favourite, but was beaten by La Gelée by three-quarters of a length; he subsequently realised 230 gs. at auction, and was taken by Mr. T. Green, of Beverley. For the First Welter John and Bugle March were equal favourites, but the former, in the hands of Fordham, achieved a clever victory, bringing the afternoon's proceedings to a close, as Fleurance and Plantagenet received in their respective matches. The two successive victories of the Anglo-French stable failed to lead to any movement in favour of either Novateur or La Courouse for the Cambridgeshire, for which the only other noticeable feature in the betting, besides the advance of Khedive, was the continued firmness of *Peut-être*, 9 to 1 being freely taken about him whenever offered.

In expectation of some new move on the Cambridgeshire, the High Street in the immediate vicinity of the Rooms became crowded immediately on the return of the company from the Heath, when a further marked demonstration was made in favour of Khedive, owing to no secret being now made of his high trial on Saturday at Malton. Rumour had it that he was set to give 23lb to both Pearl and Lacy, while he was made to give Blanche-fleur no less than three stone. This he accomplished very easily in respect to the two latter, but Lacy, who was put in the trial in the hope of getting through him the measure of *Peut-être*, won by a head. As Khedive had successfully cut down Blanche-fleur and Pearl, it was considered that, had he waited, he would have won, and Mr. Chaplin became satisfied that the Cambridgeshire was "all over but shouting," and hence Khedive's quick advance to the head of the poll on Pearl winning the Cambridgeshire Trial Handicap. Consequent on this move, *Peut-être* was driven to 1000 to 80, but on the acceptance of the large bet of 3000 to 300 about him, he became quite as good a favourite as Mr. Chaplin's horse. His Grace was next in demand "for money" at 12 to 1, and then upon Gamecock several investments were made at 13 to 1, his previous retrogression to 18 to 1 being owing to a *canard* being in circulation that he had broken his leg. The others backed before breaking-up for dinner were The Curate, Benedictine, Restless, Flower of Dorset, and Mr. Winkle, the latter of whom was backed from 50 to 33 to 1 to win some £12,000.

At the Rooms in the evening the prices ruled much the same, Khedive and *Peut-être* being equal favourites at 8 to 1, while 10 to 1 was taken about His Grace, and 13 to 1 about Gamecock. Several investments were made on Lowlander at 100 to 6, and Restless advanced to 25 to 1, a price that was always on offer against Benedictine, Flower of Dorset, and Mignonnette, whose chance was pooh-poohed by all the touts to a man. Many investments were made on others which I have no occasion to chronicle, but I may note that 1700 to 200 was betted on the following nine against the field:—*Peut-être*, Khedive, Lowlander, His Grace, Gamecock, The Curate, Restless, Novateur and Mignonnette.

On Tuesday morning visitors were early astir, many of whom made their way to the Bury hills to see the different teams at work; but the only thing sensational that occurred was Atlantic's again breaking a blood-vessel in his head, which occurred as F. Archer was riding him a half-speed gallop beside the tan. He had just commenced to breast the hill at the corner of the plantation leading to the Limekilns, when Archer was seen to stop and jump off the Two Thousand winner, whose nostrils and mouth were quite suffused with blood—much more so than when the same unhappy *contretemps* befel him when running for the St. Leger. And thus Apology got rid of a most dangerous opponent for the Jockey Club Plate on Friday. In respect to the Cambridgeshire horses, it was stated that Dalham had either been pricked when plating or had bruised his foot, and was not likely to run.

Soon after breakfast the Subscription Room commenced to fill, and the High Street in its vicinity became crowded, but speculation was nevertheless not carried on with any great spirit. The principal feature was the continuous support given to *Peut-être*, which soon gave the French horse the precedence over Khedive, 7 to 1 being taken about him to some £400 or £500. This movement could not help affecting Khedive, against whom 11 to 1 was betted to some money, but as Mr. Chaplin and his friends continued to give him their support, he was soon brought back to 8 to 1. So little was done respecting the others that I have no occasion to further refer to the morning's doings on the great race of the day, the prices ruling much the same as over-night.

Four races were set to precede the Cambridgeshire, all of which were run on the flat. The first of these was the Free Handicap Nursery, run on the last half of the Rowley Mile, and for which Brilliant in the Finton stable was made the favourite, while after him Lord Lascelles' Chartist was most fancied, but the winner turned up in Strathavon, who won by a neck, after a fine run with Fareham, Chartist being next, while the favourite could get no nearer than fifth. The "talent" was more fortunate in the succeeding event, the Post Sweepstakes, as they backed Balfie who, by the fine handling of Cannon, just succeeded in beating the Earl of Dartrey by a head, Prince Arthur being next, with Semper Durus and St. Leger beaten some distance. And Prince Soltykoff was also fortunate in the race that followed, a handicap for three-year-olds, which he won with the filly by Beadsman out of Columba, who beat the favourite, Highlander, cleverly by a neck, Inglewood Ranger being next, with the Finesse gelding last. On the next event, the All-aged Trial Stakes, there was some heavy wagering, Lady Rosebery, Slumber, and Lady Glenorchy being most fancied; but the former had no difficulty in carrying Lord Stamford's popular colours in the van, followed by Slumber and Lady Glenorchy, so the "talent" made no bad selection. The winner, although she has thickened considerably, has not grown anything since she ran the dead heat with Cachimero at Epsom, in the spring. Consequently, when put to auction, there was no bid for her beyond her entered price, £500, and this charming little filly returned to Heath House, and will continue to do her noble owner good service in races of this kind. A stampede now took place to the top of the town, a general rush being made to secure good places, from which to see the great race of the day, the horses engaged in which were saddled here, there, and everywhere, a near view being only obtainable of those put to rights in the enclosure at the stand on the flat. Among these was Lowlander, unquestionably the grandest horse of the day, and who was in the most blooming condition. Chieftain, a horse of fine size and symmetry, was also greatly admired,

as was his stable-companion, Lemnos. Neither of the German horses was fancied by the *cognoscenti*, Gamecock being infirm in both fore legs, while Hochstapler was on the big side, and had the appearance of being hurried in his preparation. Both Laburnum and Mr. Winkle looked in fine trim, particularly the latter, who is an exceedingly handsome corky horse, but deficient in size. His Grace, being a tall short horse, had nothing in his appearance to much recommend him, except his condition. Tichborne, Oxford Mixture, and Quantock, did Peter Price credit from their blooming condition, and Jarvis had Derwent looking well-trained, notwithstanding his bandaged fore legs. The two Stanton horses, Boscobel and Carmelite, were in good trim, but Hessleden looked as if he had been lately taking it easy. Mignonnette appeared without any life, having evidently not recovered her journey from Chantilly. Vrill was rather broken in his coat, and with his curby hocks didn't look like getting up the hill. These were all that were saddled in the enclosure, and I had only a passing glance at the favourites as they cantered from the direction of the town to the starting-post. Khedive struck me as looking "big," but *Peut-être*, who was accompanied by Montargis, looked as hard as nails, and galloped with a freedom that showed he had not suffered from his three severe races in the Cesarewitch week; Aventurière also looked full of life and vigour as she galloped to the starting-post, where were soon assembled the forty-two competitors who were to take part in the contest for the last of the three great Autumn Handicaps. Major Dickson, who had only come from Ireland in the morning, was present to assist Mr. McGeorge in marshalling the horses at the starting-post, but owing to the extent of the field and the desire evinced by several of the jockeys to get on the upper ground, the start was delayed for nearly half an hour. At length, however, a splendid start was effected, and they came on in a compact body to the Red Post, where I stood, some five hundred yards from home. There the leading division comprised Chieftain, Restless, Lord Gowran, *Peut-être*, Lowlander, Montargis, Miss Hawthorn colt, Aventurière, Mr. Winkle, Oxford Mixture, and Gamecock; but the race was even then no longer in doubt, for *Peut-être* was almost pulling little Rolfe out of the saddle. Riding with great coolness he, however, waited with him until within about one hundred and fifty yards of the winning-chair, when he assumed the lead, and won very easily by two lengths from Chieftain, who was followed three lengths off by Lord Gowran, the next being Aventurière, who, passing me, appeared to be shut in and unable to get through, while Montargis, who might have been nearer had occasion required, finished fifth, with Oxford Mixture (who looked, when passing me, as well as anything except the winner), next. The race thus resulted for the second time in succession in the victory of a French bred horse, who, like Montargis last year, was trained by Henry Jennings at Chantilly. The success of *Peut-être* was a popular one, as the great body of backers stuck to him after he had disclosed his true form in the Cesarewitch, and subsequently by winning the Amalgamated Queen's Guineas and the Newmarket Derby. That these severe races would take all the steel out of *Peut-être* was my opinion, and I also believed him to be deficient in the dash of speed requisite to win a Cambridgeshire, and also that no boy could ride him successfully, so much driving did he appear to take in both his winning races. That he is a horse possessing fine speed as well as great endurance, he has now proved, but in appearance he is nothing approaching to a first-class horse. And further, I may remark that the forward position held by such indifferent horses as Chieftain and Lord Gowran detracts not a little from the brilliancy of the performance, the truth of which was, however, affirmed by the position held by Aventurière, who in my opinion would have finished second had she not got hopelessly jammed among a lot of beaten horses a distance from home.

The breeding of the winner is unexceptionally good, as he is by *Ventre St. Gris* (son of Gladiator and Belle de Nuit, by Young Emilius) out of La Favorite, by Nunnykirk or Cossack out of Heroine, by Mr. Waggs (son of Langar and Parthenessa, by Cervantes), her dam Poetess, by Royal Oak out of Ada, by Whisker. He was bred by his owner, M. P. Aumont, and ran eight times unsuccessfully in France, and twice in England. He was not placed for the French Two Thousand, won by Novateur, and was no nearer than sixth to Trent for the Grand Prix; but in the French Derby he got a place, being third to Saltarelle and Premier-Mai. He is a dark chestnut, standing about 15 hands 2 inches, and is a close-built, thick horse, rather deficient in length, but nevertheless, when extended, is a fine goer, and there can be no better-tempered horse. Early in the year, he never did well, but as the season advanced, he continued to improve, and a fitter horse was never brought to the post than was *Peut-être* on Tuesday last.

The easy defeat of Khedive shows how little trust there is to be put in patched up horses and private trials, and can only be accounted for by the supposition that the severity of the trial in his half-prepared state—for he looked nothing like trained—took all the steel out of him. The *fiasco* in regard to Khedive was as great as that in which Hessleden figured for the Cesarewitch, and plainly shows that, clever as are both Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Chaplin, they are not yet quite *au fait* to either training or trying, and that they are but very indifferent judges of condition. That another great mistake was made in His Grace's private examination at Littleton was evinced by the wretched figure he cut in the race, for which Mr. Fox would, his trial notwithstanding, have been much better represented by Walnut, which was told by the forward position held by Montargis, whom it is my conviction was third best in the race. Restless ran very well for nearly a mile, when she gave in, showing, good as is this clever daughter of Orest, that it will never be safe to back her over three-quarters of a mile. It happened with Gamecock as I anticipated, they were unable to get him sound to the post; and Lowlander, as I suggested he would, ran a very great horse, being prominently in front until Fordham saw that his beating *Peut-être* was an impossibility. Laburnum, as is his wont, cut it very soon, but little Mr. Winkle ran respectably for a mile, when he like Restless was done with. The Miss Hawthorn colt also showed prominently for that distance, but the greatest surprise of all was the sound running of Oxford Mixture, who looked very like winning a distance from home. The Curate never held a prominent place in the struggle, showing that the gallant handicapper always took a right estimate of his pretensions. Further, I have no occasion to extend my remarks upon the Cambridgeshire of 1874, which will be long remembered for the extraordinary chops and chances that occurred in the speculation on the race almost from the first moment of the publication of the weights.

Brilliant weather, the warmth of summer being tempered by a gentle westerly breeze, rendered the Heath most enjoyable on Wednesday, when a well filled card gave the punters an opportunity of displaying their knowledge of horsemanship, which, however, they did but indifferently, favourite after favourite being bowled over in quick succession. They selected Moriturus as the best to back for the Home-bred Foal Stakes, while some fancied Yorkshire Bride, but both were bowled over by Craig Millar, who went so short when going to the post that from 5 to 2 taken about him at first he went to 6 to 1, the Manton stable not trusting him with a rap. In the race he went quite differently, and won very easily by two lengths, thus running stones better than he

did in the "second week." The high-priced Vasco di Gama being brought out for a selling race, was by many looked upon as a good thing, but he was very cleverly defeated by the roaring Selbourne, who despite that infirmity realised 315 guineas at auction, at which price he was bought in by Captain Machell. The Maiden Optional Selling Plate was contested by nine youngsters, of whom the Hungarian bred Hermit, a daughter of Ostreger and Water Nymph, was, with Lord Lonsdale's Duke of Rutland, regarded to be the pick, but Velvet Lawn, an extremely neat lengthy son of Lecturer and Sister to Corisande, came to the rescue of the fielders by beating Hermit by three-quarters of a length, while Monaco, a very clever brother to Polyhymnia, finished third. This performance was considered of such merit that the bidding for the winner was very brisk, and, entered to be sold for 200 guineas, he made 410 guineas, which Mr. H. Jennings bid for him. In the Cheveley Stakes the backers got back some of their money by betting 2 to 1 on Bellesdon, who beat his only opponent, Emigrant, in a canter. The Selling Stakes, for two- and three-year-olds, was won by the good-looking Munden, a son of Hanstead (a son of Trumpeter) and Ambush by Birdcatcher, and so cleverly was his victory obtained that Mr. R. Howett gave 300 guineas for him at auction, and got a very useful cheap horse. The result of the principal race of the day, the Stand Handicap, in favour of Quantock piled the agony of the backers, who mostly put their faith in Chieftain, whom they considered a right good thing after his performance in the Cambridgeshire, quite overlooking that he was turned loose in that race. The winner held the lead from start to finish, and romped in the style in which he won, showing that he had come back to his Northampton form, and that he has few superiors at five furlongs. Xanthus was second and the favourite next, while Eve, Puzzle, Aurora, Conspiracy, Beechnut, and Posthuma, all speedy horses, were beaten a long way. The New Nursery furnished the finest contest of the week, as Micchowitz only succeeded in winning by a head, Breachloader and La Sautouse dividing the honours of second by running a dead heat, while a head behind them was La Friponne. This was a great triumph for the handicapper, as the four top weights were in front throughout, and had John Osborne come a stride or too sooner with Breachloader, he would have won, as in the next stride, after passing the winning-post, he was a neck in front of the German horse, who is evidently gifted with fine speed. In the Glasgow Stakes Semper Durus was very easily defeated by Dreadnought, and Princess May won her match against Ivanhoe as she liked, the latter having bolted out of the course soon after starting. Galopin then walked over for the 50 sovs. sweepstakes, and Roi des Rois having done the same for the Sussex Stakes, the afternoon's doings terminated.

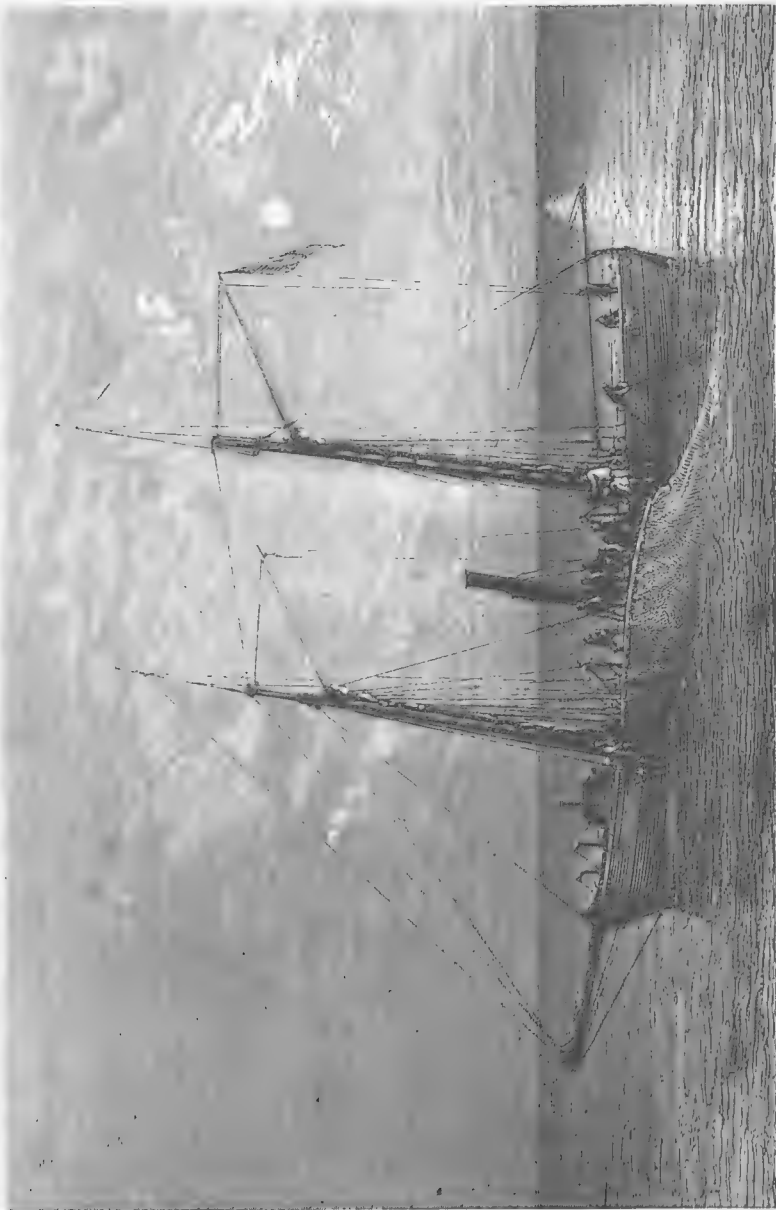
Thursday's proceedings commenced in lovely weather, which changed as the day wore on, when it alternated in sunshine and showers, which were fortunately slight, and but of short continuance. The ball was set rolling at the top of the town by the punters putting it down pretty stiffly on John and Bugle March, but Mr. Fox, in the hands of little Morbey, taking it into his head to try, won very easily by five lengths, although he swerved towards the rails some few strides from the winning chair. For the Home-bred Sweepstakes Lord Falmouth was once more to the fore with his neat little filly Spinaway, a daughter of Macaroi and Queen Bertha, who just succeeded in beating Seymour by a head. The filly had only run once previously, when she was a good third to the French filly Pensacola and Timour for the Exeter Stakes at the July Meeting, a fact which backers appeared to overlook, their fancy being Seymour and New Holland, the former of whom was run in blinkers, and ran more generously than is his wont. The Free Handicap of 100 sovs. each produced six runners, the most fancied of whom, despite her heavy burden of 9st, was Apology, and after her Spectator. The weight proved a stopper for the Northern flyer, who ran fast in the early part of the race, but had nothing to do with the finish, which lay between Lemnos and Spectator, the former of whom won a very severe race by a neck, Leolinus being next, beaten three-quarters of a length from the second, Novateur being fourth, Whitehall and Apology finishing close together last. The Breyby Nursery was contested by eight of the nine left in, Stray Shot alone declining to run. A hot favourite was made in Per Se, the Middle Park Plate heroine, who was backed at 7 to 4, while of the others the most support was given to the two foreigners, Renée and Waisenknabe. The other runners were Leveret, a large, good-looking son of Lancet; a colt by Exchequer out of Savante, another clever youngster wanting time; Calvine, Nougat, and Lady Mornington, by Arthur Wellesley, a large, trim-made filly, as rough as a bear, but who will see a better day. The contest lay nearly throughout between the favourite and Waisenknabe, the latter of whom beat the Danebury crack by a head after a splendid race. The winner, who is the property of the Duke of Uxest, is own brother to Flibustier, and is one of the best-looking youngsters I have seen stripped this year. His dam, Sweet Katie, produced nothing but winners, as she bore Ignatia to Ignoramus, Flibustier to Buccaneer, Amalie von Edelreich to Buccaneer, Hamadryade to Bois Roussel, and Waisenknabe to Buccaneer, in foaling whom she unhappily died. The winner has been most appropriately named, as Waisenknabe is the German for Orphan Boy, for whom I anticipate a great future, as he ran "big," and won with more in hand than is generally supposed. The defeat of Per Se was a heavy blow to the Daneburyites, who went for her to get back their losses in the Middle Park Plate. The Selling Stakes was an easy victory for the Duke of Parma, Nasturtium, and Little Boy Blue, running a dead heat for second. The winner was subsequently sold to Mr. C. Blanton for 220 guineas. For the Troy Stakes there were only two runners, Chaplet and the French filly Confiance. As much as 2 and 3 to 1 was betted on Chaplet, who, to the great consternation of the layers, saw Confiance make so close a fight of it that she was only beaten by a head. The Flying Stakes was not the good thing it looked on paper for Vengeresse, as she only succeeded in beating Oxonian by a head after a rattling race, Farnsfield being a moderate third.

Next week there will be plenty of amusement for the votaries of both branches of the national pastime, as there are several steeple-chase items in the programmes of Streatham, Worcester, and Lincoln, while the timber jumpers will find employment at Brighton, Lewes, and West Drayton. The meeting at the pleasant city of Worcester will commence on Tuesday, and continue over the two following days; and as the active clerk of the course has secured very fair entries for nearly all the races on the list, good sport may be anticipated. Lincoln follows on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, with an excellent programme, thanks to the industry of the Messrs. Forde, *père et fils*. For the King Tom Handicap there are thirty-one acceptances, and it seems likely to fall to either TANGIBLE or OXFORD MIXTURE, while Boatswain is worth backing for a place.

On the second day the Autumn Handicap is likely to fall to either FLURRY, LADY OF THE LAKE, or COVENTRY, while the Nursery Stakes may be taken by LA FRIPONNE, or Lord Rosebery.

The New Autumn Meetings at Brighton and Lewes also promise to be successful, but not having seen the weights for the principal handicaps, I am precluded from offering any opinion upon them.

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.



A NIGHT HAUL.



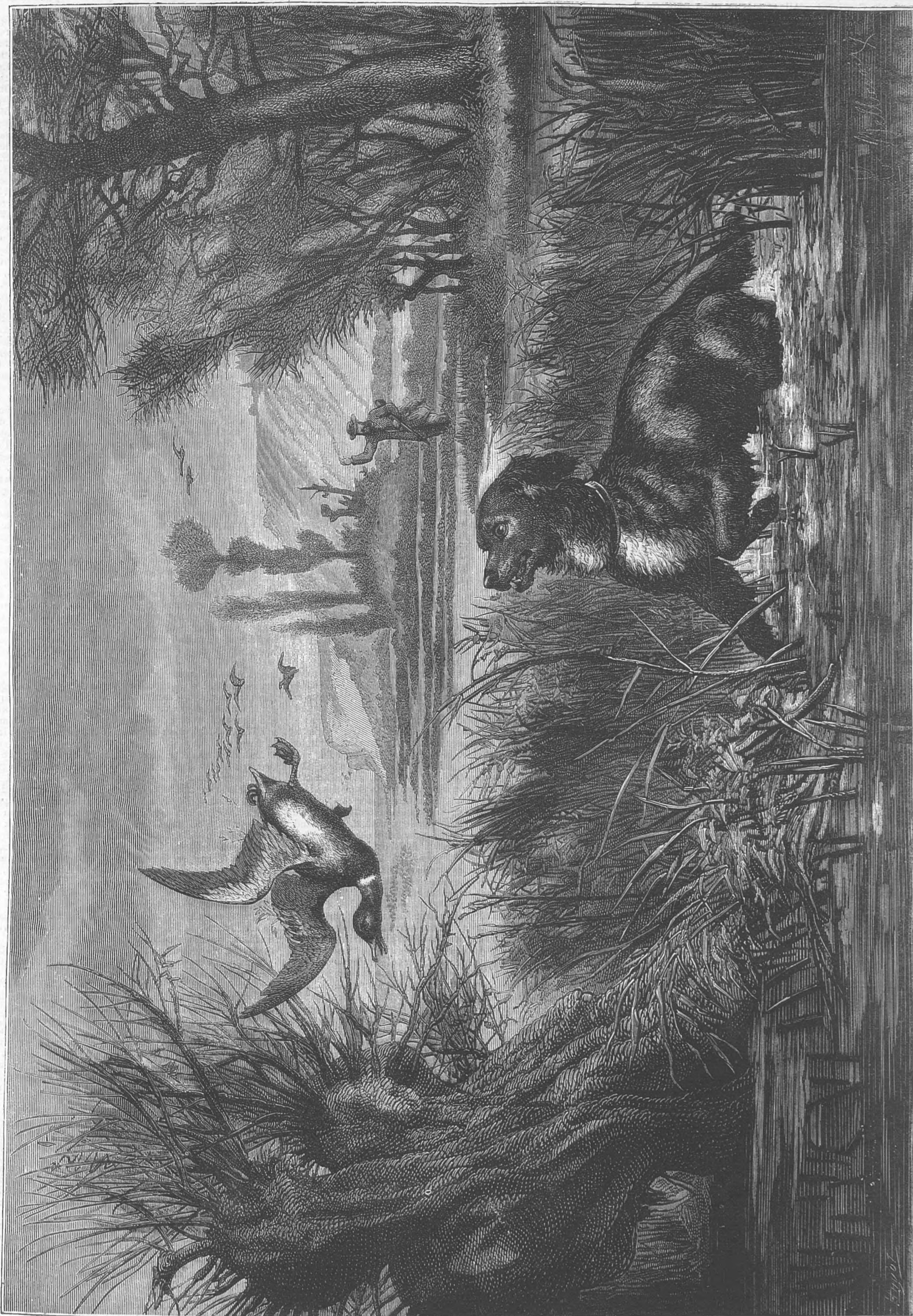
THE ALARM SIGNAL.



THE "HUTTIER'S" DECOYS.



CHITTLE STOPPING.



WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.

TOWARDS the end of October and in the beginning of November, when the cold weather generally sets in, all birds of passage, including wild fowl of different kinds, woodcock, snipe, and plover, begin to arrive and distribute themselves throughout our island and over the Continent. All appear to come from the same direction, travelling against the wind, large flights rarely arriving unless the breeze is sharp and bracing. Wild fowl on their first arrival evince much shyness in settling themselves in the tideways and estuaries round the coast, and the first comers may be often seen reconnoitring and making short excursions over the land, flying very high in companies of twenty or thirty together in a double line, like an arrow-head, before they select any particular district for their winter quarters.

Wild-fowl shooting may be said to commence in the month of November, although frequently large flights of widgeon and other species of wild duck arrive in this country much earlier. In some parts of Scotland wild geese have made their appearance before the oats have been taken in, and at such times have committed considerable havoc amongst the grain, but this is a somewhat rare occurrence.

No wild bird is more wary or cunning than wild fowl that have been frequently disturbed, and I have known a flock of wild duck to remain on a sheet of water a whole winter, notwithstanding they were constantly harassed and shot at. Whenever a gunner came in view, they would assemble out of range, in the middle of the reservoir, or if they were approached in boats, they would rise out of shot, and, flying high, absent themselves until the coast was clear.

He must be an enthusiastic sportsman indeed who systematically pursues wild-fowl shooting at night as a diversion, as there is no sport so uncertain, or more calculated to try his endurance, his patience, and his constitution. In grouse or partridge shooting the sportsman is, at least, dry, and has the amusement of seeing his dogs work. In covert shooting he is cheered by the joyous cry of his spaniels, and in snipe-shooting, although he pursues his sport in cold weather, he can, at any rate, keep himself warm by exercise, whilst the chance of a snapshot always keeps him on the alert. Not so, however, the wild-fowl shooter's lot. His pursuit is not only carried on at the coldest part of the year, but also during those hours when others are enjoying the comfort of a blazing fire or nestling snugly in their beds. No cheerful conversation of companions enlivens his dull dreary waiting hours, no merry cry of his dogs excites his interest by their instructive sagacity. With him all must be stillness; even his dog couches silently by his side, as he stands, sits, nay, sometimes lies on the frozen ground, listening for the coming flight that in the darker hours are somewhat less wary than in the daylight. Even supposing the fowl to have arrived and alighted, they may have settled down far out of range, and the wild-fowler then has but the choice of two proceedings: to wait freezing in the hope of their approaching within shot, or to wade perhaps thigh-deep in ice-cold water until he can get near them; but this must be done with no little caution—any unusual noise in the water, even the splashing made by his dog if he is not perfectly steady and under command, may cause his ears to be saluted with the "Quack, quack," of alarm, and he has the mortification of seeing the whole flock moving off to some distant part, or hearing the flutter of their wings as they take themselves off to a more secure locality. Thus his hopes as regard that flight are over, and he has only to chew the cud of disappointment and wait in silence for the chance arrival of another. At times small flights will arrive and depart in quick succession, and the fowler may, perhaps, kill a duck or two from each if he has luck; again he may keep a watchful vigil the night through, and return home without having seen or heard a pinion.

The fowler must be as hard as nails, with a constitution that can defy the bleak cutting wintry winds, the soaking rain, and driving sleet; he must be prepared to remain for hours shaking and shivering in his punt, or perhaps, worse still, immersed up to his knees in water, and bent double in a bed of rushes. Supposing the sportsman to have a commodious hut constructed to wait in, and properly trained decoy birds, or a large punt and plenty of rugs, wild-fowl shooting by night may be indulged in with a certain degree of comfort, but even then it is always a very uncertain and precarious sport, that tries both the patience and the constitution; and, in my opinion, even under the most favourable circumstances, "le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," if any other kind of game is to be got. Duck-shooting from huts is very extensively resorted to on the French coast, but few, if any, *chasseurs* pursue this sport as an amusement; it is purely an affair of business, and hundreds of the poorer classes of peasants obtain their livelihood by it during the winter months. It involves scarcely any outlay beyond ammunition, a gun, a pair of *marais* boots, and requires but little skill in shooting, all the shots being sitting ones, and at short ranges. The huts, which are generally built in the summer season, are warm, dry, and comfortable, being sufficiently large to contain two persons and a dog. The usual places selected are small reedy islands, or promontories commanding a view over a large extent of water, which are known to be exactly in the line of flight of the wild fowl; and this is easily ascertained by the practical fowler, as it is a curious fact that year after year birds come and go in precisely the same direction as if the road was marked out in the heavens for them to pursue. They have also certain lines of flight at night and morning to and from their feeding grounds, and good sport may often be obtained by observing the direction they take, and awaiting their flying over at certain marked spots.

The French *hutti*ers generally go to their huts half an hour before dark, and remain in them all night. They seldom kill any other wild fowl than the common wild duck and teal, as widgeon will not drop to the call of the decoy-ducks. From three to five decoy ducks are generally used, and these are tied by the leg, in the water, to stakes driven in for the purpose. The birds used as decoys, although tame and domesticated, are of the wild breed, the eggs being taken from the nest and hatched under hens, and they consequently retain the exact size, shape, and call of their species; hence their efficiency for the purpose for which they are used, and for which the tame variety will not answer, as their wilder brethren will not drop to their call. When a new frost takes place, the *hutti*ers break the ice and keep the water open for some distance, and at such times their decoy ducks sometimes attract large flights, which settle on the open water, and a good raking shot amply repays the fowler for his trouble. Some few years ago I became practically acquainted with the French system of shooting wild-fowl with decoys, as practised in the marshes of the river Somme, which during very severe winters are the resort of all kinds of wild fowl. In the early part of December I started on a fishing and fowling excursion in a small schooner yacht with auxiliary steam-power, which belonged to a gentleman living at Dieppe, to whom my friend Cameron and myself are indebted for unlimited hospitality and a very jolly cruise. Monsieur Morel was a great fisherman, and perfectly *au fait* in all the detail of piscatorial art in so far as it related to deep-sea fishing, and our craft was accordingly admirably provided with all kinds of rods, lines, and nets. Cameron affected to take to fishing more than shooting, as the weather was extremely cold, and the cabin with its

cosy fire and spirituous comforts was always handy, and he really was not fit for any hard work, his health having become completely broken by his cruel incarceration in Abyssinia. We had been old friends in India, and after the Crimean War had made several shooting expeditions together on the eastern shores of the Black Sea and in Asia Minor, when it would have taken a right good man to keep up with Duncan Cameron in a tramp across country, and a clever scholar to get the best of him in an argument or classical lore. He was comparatively a wreck after his return from Abyssinia, and his health was too much broken to allow him to take much bodily exertion, consequently I did not press him to accompany me upon my wild-fowling expeditions, whether in the punt or ashore. Our crew consisted of a skipper, engineer, four men, including the cook, a most important personage, and two boys, one of whom, Jean, generally accompanied me in my trips. He was rather an odd fish, and in consequence of his nose having been so badly broken by falling down a hatchway that that organ had assumed almost as many twists as a corkscrew, he was usually hailed as "languille" (the eel) by his mates. He, however, was a hardy, enduring, light-hearted Breton, who never knew what it was to be tired, and an excellent hand in a punt, either for pulling in a sea-way or creeping up to a flight of fowl. Morel had anchored our little craft between St. Firmin and Le Crotoy, in the *embouchure* of the Somme, and whilst he and Cameron were engaged in fishing, I and Jean took the punt for a turn amongst the wild fowl, which were flying about in all directions. Amongst a rare gathering of various kinds of duck, widgeon, teal, curlew, godwits, and sand-pipers, with the aid of my field-glass, I detected a flock of barnacle-geese, and as they loomed large on the water, I determined to give them my first attention.

The question was how to get near them without being discovered, as they were more or less surrounded by a flock of mussel ducks. My punt was just over twenty-four feet long, with good beam in proportion, and remarkably buoyant. She was admirably built and finished, being copper-fastened throughout, and had a strong elm bottom, ash timbers, Norway deal sides, and well-fitted withy deck, which, after being well tarred, was covered over with tightly stretched canvas, which adhered firmly, and gave considerable additional strength without adding much to the weight. Round this the bulwarks were attached, being about four inches forward and gradually declining to two aft, and the stem was covered with stout copper, so as to preserve it when poled through shallow places. The whole punt, both outside and in, was painted a greyish slate colour, so that it was almost undistinguishable at a short distance. The centre opening was about six feet and a half in length, and fitted with a waterproof tent-like covering, so that the occupant could lie down comfortably at full length. The mast was about ten feet long, and fitted into a socket securely fastened to the elm bottom; and when under sail, I carried a brown cotton canvas foresail, sliding gunter mainsail, and leg of mutton dandy.

Two iron spindles fitting in brass sockets were let into the gunwale on each side, and either the oars or short paddles worked upon these props by means of stout leather loops fixed to them. The gunwale and sides of the boat against which the oars worked were covered with sheep's skin, so as to muffle all sound—a very necessary precaution when the birds are wild. In the bow, upon a swivel that worked in a brass socket reaching to a block at the bottom of the boat, and to which was attached a strong spiral spring to ease the recoil, was a double breech-loading gun made by Fuller, with plenty of metal at the breech, having a gauge of about an inch and a quarter, which, with a heavy charge of powder, threw six ounces of shot from each barrel, so as to make a very pretty pattern at ninety yards; and I had besides a double 8-bore Westley-Richards, and a good stock of Eley's long-range green-wire cartridges to stop cripples. I was admirably equipped by Mr. Wilson, the proprietor of Cording's waterproof establishment, then in the Strand, now in Piccadilly, with a most complete fowler costume, which was not only light and comfortable to wear, but also impervious to cold and wet, a great desideratum for wild-fowl shooting when the sportsman is constantly exposed to all weathers, as well as the spray washing over him. The wild-fowler, when punt-shooting, should be careful to have all his under clothes made comfortably large of warm wollen material, paying special attention to have lamb's wool socks, flannel shirt and drawers, with the chest and pit of the stomach further protected by a long chamois-leather waistcoat with sleeves attached. Over this should be worn a long waterproof jacket, reaching a little over the hips, with pockets outside, and having inside the sleeves a second arrangement, which fastens with an elastic band or buttons close round the wrist, and prevents cold or wet from going up the arm. For very inclement weather, or when there is likely to be a sea on, breeches or rather pantaloons of the same waterproof material are required, and these should fit loosely over the knee, but fasten rather closely over the calf and instep. The nether extremities should be clad in Cording's yachting boots, which are admirably devised so as to serve as a boot and gaiter combined. The upper part of the leg is made of stout flexible waterproof cloth, whilst the foot is covered with leather, and along the centre of the sole are four rows of thick flaxen-thread stitching, which swell when wetted and prevent the wearer from slipping. The most suitable head-gear for wild-fowl shooting is a well ventilated "sou'-wester," of the same colour as your punt, with a peak fore and aft, and a woollen back piece to fasten round the back of the head and under the chin, so as to protect the neck from the cold and prevent it from coming off, with two holes on each side corresponding with the orifices of the ears. At the bottom of my punt I had an inflatable air-bed, which was not only most conducive to my personal comfort, but also a precaution of safety, as in case of a capsizing it would have proved an effective life-buoy. As a protection against the cold, rain, and sleet, I had a good supply of blankets, rugs, waterproofed on the outside (another of Cording's specialties), which kept Jean and me tolerably cosy and warm whilst waiting for a shot, even when the temperature was enough to freeze one's nose off.

In all wild-fowl shooting the whole paraphernalia of the punt and dress should be of the least distinguishable hue, and long experience has shown that a greyish slate colour is about the best for general work. Jean was provided with a pair of mud pattens, which consisted of thick pieces of flat board, somewhat bevelled off fore and aft, in the centres of which leathern sandals with straps and buckles were attached, that fastened round the feet and kept them in their place, so that the wearer could walk or rather glide over the soft mud in comparative safety. In some places the false ground is coated with long coarse grass, and much resembles the *terra firma*, so that it is very apt to deceive and engulf the inexperienced if unprovided with mud pattens. I had also a landing net, which proved very useful in picking dead and wounded birds from out of the water, and although I had an admirably broken retriever almost always with me, when in the punt I rarely allowed him to go into the water to recover the birds, as he made us so wet on his return. Master Harry, my canine friend and constant associate, was a very knowing card, and could keep his watch on the lookout for a flight of wild fowl as well as we could ourselves, for

whenever he saw a flock, or heard the sharp whistling of a flight of widgeon, he would awake us by a low whimpering, the import of which I well knew. His usual post in the boat was at my feet, which he kept warm with the heat of his body and long coat, and, unless at my bidding, he rarely moved, so that I found him no encumbrance, whilst at times he proved very useful in recovering game.

Having given some account of my gear and companions, I shall proceed to describe our doings in French waters. Except when a very strong northerly wind is blowing, the marshes at the mouth of the Somme are easy of access to the gunner having a seaworthy punt, but at times the tide runs very strong, and a rough chopping sea gets up in an incredibly short time, which, if he is not careful, will swamp his craft, unless it is constructed with air-chambers. During the winter months the little islands, creeks, and bays are very favourite resorts of widgeon, mallard, pintail, shovellers, teal, and curlew, whilst occasionally, when the weather is more than ordinarily severe, large flocks of geese and wild swans are not unfrequent visitors. When we left the steamer, the sea was tolerably smooth, although the day was dark and lowering as if dirty weather was brewing, but hardly had we pulled in shore than a strong breeze got up, and the water became lumpy, and if it had not been that hundreds of wild fowl were visible, and nice little clusters were temptingly gathered on the mud flats—for the tide was receding, and it was nearly low water—I should have returned on board. As it was, I determined to make the most of the opportunity, and take my chance of getting back. Luckily I had a goodly supply of eatables, and a good-sized keg of *eau de vie*, snugly stowed in a water-tight compartment, fitted with sliding panels in the bulkhead, as well as a well arranged cooking stove, and a store of coffee, tea, and such like *conestibles*. Feeling myself tolerably independent under the circumstances, I pulled well in shore, and, taking advantage of a sheltering promontory, managed to paddle round a patch of high reeds, which was almost within long range of the geese. There we unexpectedly came upon a small flock of teal, that got up one by one with a whistle that I was afraid would have alarmed the geese, but fortunately they were too much engaged in feeding, and, after waiting a little while, under cover, Jean noiselessly paddled towards them, whilst I, lying my full length at the bottom of the boat, brought the sight of my "Long Tom" to bear upon them, and raked them with a right and left at about eighty yards distant. I waited until I saw them gathering together, with out-stretched necks, before I pulled the trigger of the first barrel, and the second discharge swept through them just as they were rising from the water, so that the double shot committed great havoc. Without, however, waiting to see the result, I reloaded, and was in time to get a second right and left at the survivors, who, with a cloud of duck, were making a circle round their wounded companions, before taking their departure; a number of splashes in the water followed the report, and I knew that considerable execution had been done; so we paddled up to collect the killed and wounded, and, after stopping a few cripples and winged birds with my Westley-Richards, I found we had brought to bag nine geese and twenty-three ducks of various kinds. The wind by this time had increased almost to a gale, and, as the tide came in, the water became so broken and rough that I determined to run ashore and take refuge in any habitation I could find—as a mixture of snow, rain, and driving sleet, was anything but pleasant. On looking round not a house was to be seen, for the mists creeping up, our horizon had become very circumscribed, and I had just made up my mind to run my punt upon the nearest mud bank, when I found that I was pretty close to a large flock of widgeon, whom I could hear making a continuous whistling noise, although I could not see them. As we turned round a small point, I caught sight of them feeding, and directing Jean to paddle gently towards them, I got to within sixty yards of the nearest outlying flock before I fired, and the whole swarm flew close over the boat, when I snatched up my Westley-Richards and let drive both barrels right in the thick of them.

Although many cripples got away in the fog, we picked up twenty-seven widgeon and five pintail, and we were looking out for some stragglers when a distant voice hailed us from a small island covered with reeds. I immediately turned the punt's head in the direction from which the call appeared to proceed, and shouted, for we could see no one, and, guided by an answering "halloo," I found myself in a little creek on the bank of which a *hutti*er had established his ambuscade. Having heard from Morel a good deal about the skill of the French duck-decoys, and their mode of calling down flights of wild fowl by imitating their different cries, I determined to take advantage of the situation, and make myself acquainted with their method. Running my punt ashore, I soon fraternised with the occupants of the hut, for they were two, "the *chasseur*," and "his dog," which appeared to be a cross between a setter and a *poodle*, and a very intelligent animal he was, in spite of his cross breed. Fine snow was falling fast at this time, and we were invited to enter the hut, and remain for the night, if we could put up with the scant accommodation.

Having plenty of prog with us, we closed at once with the offer, and, after hauling up the punt alongside the hut, transferred its contents inside, where we proceeded to make ourselves at home. We were rather closely packed, as the interior of the hut was not more than ten feet by eight, but the roof was water-tight, and we stuffed up the embrasures so as to keep out the cold, and made ourselves very comfortable. After an abundant supper and sundry tins of hot grog, the *hutti*er showed us his *modus operandi*, which was extremely simple. He had a double set of decoys, consisting of three drakes and four ducks, as his hut was situated on a narrow neck of land and commanded a considerable extent of water on both sides. On each of these, two ducks were picketted, being fastened by the leg to a cord fixed to a leaden weight which was thrown into the stream about eight yards from the shore and so arranged that the ducks could swim round in a circle about three yards in diameter. Two of the drakes were allowed more liberty, being fastened with a long string by the leg to a peg driven in near the edge of the water, whilst the third one was kept in the hut, and only let out now and again with a light cord secured to his leg, so that his occasional intrusion amongst the ducks might arouse the jealousy of the other drakes, and cause them to vociferate when from any cause the quacking had momentarily ceased.

The decoys were all in position when we arrived, but the howling of the wind and the roar of the sea prevented our hearing whether their calls were answered, whilst the darkness of the night prevented our seeing anything. We therefore gave up all idea of shooting, and, wrapping ourselves in our rugs upon the clean straw, slept for some hours like tops. Towards morning I was awakened by the *hutti*er, who bid me get my gun, as he had heard flocks of duck whistling overhead, and our decoys were trying hard to get up a flirtation with the wild birds by calling lustily. Finding the night had cleared up, and the fog lifted as the moon rose, I was soon on the alert, and slipping out with my rugs, I ensconced myself comfortably with my bed and rugs in the punt, and training the gun so as to bear on the water, I waited patiently until a rush of wings followed by a flapping and splashing in the water announced that a large flight had settled close at hand. "Gardez-vous!" exclaimed a voice from one of the embrasures, and bang went a young cannon

from the hut. As the flight rose, I let drive right and left, and followed it up with the "cripple stopper," and "splash, splash, splash," and "thud, thud, thud," was heard as the stricken birds dropped heavily in the water or on the mud. Out sprang the *huttier* and his dog, and in a couple of minutes the former was in his dingy, that lay concealed in a patch of reeds, whilst the latter was swimming about and retrieving the dead and wounded. Master Harry joined in the fun, and we were just launching the punt to assist, when a loud report sounded at no great distance, which I knew, from the ring, proceeded from the brass signal gun on our steamer. Three-and-twenty duck and teal had fallen from our united discharges, which I begged our host to accept, with half a napoleon and a flask of powder, and then bidding our host adieu, we got all our gear into the punt, and made the best of our way to the steamer, the skipper of which continued to fire his gun and burn blue-lights until we made our appearance. On account of the bad weather Morel had been rather anxious, fearing that my little craft might have been swamped. So when the tide served, he followed us up the river, and anchored about a mile from the *huttier's* location. It was 4 a.m. when I got on board, and terribly cold; so after a glass of hot grog and a good warm by the cuddly stove, I was glad to find myself once more comfortable in my snug bunk. We had been very successful and killed a large number of birds, but there was very little real sport in our proceedings, and if we had not had luck, we might have undergone a good deal of hardship and exposure to very little end. I do not like to make a toil of a pleasure, and I do not think I could be again tempted to face a nor'-wester in a punt on a dirty cold winter's night if I were sure of bagging a ton-weight of wild duck; "mais chacun à son goût."

MR. OWEN MARLOWE, an actor who some few years ago was regarded as the very *beau-idéal* of the stage fop and the Hawthorne *par excellence* in America, is in England.

A PORTRAIT model of Nana Sahib, of Cawnpore massacre notoriety, is now on view at Madame Tussaud's Galleries in Baker Street.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.—On Saturday last the important office of president of the Oxford University Boat Club, rendered vacant by the expiration of Mr. A. W. Nicholson's term, was, at a captains' meeting held in the University Barge, conferred on Mr. Hewlett James Stayner, of St John's College.

SCULLERS' RACE FOR £50.—On Saturday last, at mid-day, another of the very many scullers' races that have cropped up at this late season of the year was rowed from Putney to Mortlake for a "pony" a side, between William E. Burgoine, of Wandsworth, and Gaddy Beattie, of Battersea, who are both watermen, and though never destined to shine brilliantly as stars in the rowing firmament, have nevertheless rowed several races which have invariably redounded to their credit. On Wednesday week Burgoine rowed one Thompson, of Billingsgate, from Putney to Barnes, staking £25 to £20, and, after a hard struggle, landed a winner by four lengths; while only on Saturday week Beattie, after being astern of Birrell, of Lambeth, in a £50 match to Chiswick, rowed him down and won easily. Mr. Wormald was the referee in the race we now record, and Burgoine, who was a 7 to 4 favourite, had the best station. The other, however, got away first, and rowing very fast, had placed a length between the boats at the half-mile, and two at the Point. As they commenced to cross the water, however, Burgoine began steadily to gain, and by the time they were under the Crab Tree were level. The other had had enough of it, and Burgoine gradually getting away, won easily by three lengths.

BICYCLING.—On Monday afternoon, at the Queen's Grounds, Hammersmith, there was a race for a Ten-mile Challenge Cup, presented by the proprietor of the ground, to be won four times successively, or to be held unchallenged for eighteen months, before becoming the winner's personal property. The winner yesterday was to receive a small silver cup in addition to holding the challenge cup. The chief interest in the race was the probable meeting of Keen and Stanton—the opponents in the great contest at Lillie Bridge last week. Keen, however, was not well enough to start, and so it was 20 to 1 on Stanton before the race commenced. The three men who went to the post were D. Stanton, A. Markham (who rode against Stanton at Cremorne), and J. Stassen (a bicycle maker). The day was dull and overcast, but as there was no wind, the weather must be called favourable. The course—a cinder path—was rather heavy going. Between 500 and 600 people were present. The race requires no detailed description, as Stanton led from the very first, and neither of his opponents had a shadow of a chance. Markham gave up, hopelessly distanced, in his tenth lap; and though Stassen rode very pluckily and well, he was compelled to retire after going 23 laps in between 33 and 34 minutes. Stanton, who was then two laps ahead, went on alone. He had got within 100 yards of the winning tape, when his foot slipped off the treadle, and got between the spokes of the driving wheel. He was pitched over on to his face and breast, but did not sustain any injury, and, getting on his machine again, slowly came up to the tape, which he touched in 39 min. 5 secs. from the start. The time when he fell was 38 min. 19 secs., so that, but for the accident, the time for the ten miles would have been about 38 min. 30 secs., or a minute and a half slower than the first ten miles of his 106 last week.

AQUATICS.—The votaries of aquatics had a boat-racing "field-day" on Monday up the river, and for the first time within living memory three races were rowed one after the other from Putney to Mortlake for stakes amounting in the aggregate to £100. John Higgins, of Shadwell, and R. W. Burwood, of Wapping, watermen, contended for a stake of £25 a side; A. Chapman and C. Laming, watermen, of Bermondsey, had a £30 match to decide; and J. Spencer and C. White, watermen's apprentices, of Chelsea, were pitted against each other for a "tenner" a side. Mr. Wormald, of *Bell's Life*, and two other gentlemen from the establishment umpired the races, in all of which pilots were allowed to the competitors. In the first race Fred Ralph, of Wandsworth, took up Higgins, and Tom Wise was in the bow of Burwood's eight. Betting was about 6 to 4 on Higgins, who had the Middlesex side. This race was not of the ordinary class, for it was thought that Burwood, after winning Doggett's coat and badge, was the best rising man below. Higgins's party, however, were of a contrary opinion, and hence yesterday's match. They rowed scull and scull to the Duke's Head, where Higgins began to draw ahead, and Burwood showed as yet no signs of fatigue. At the point Higgins was a clear length in front, and increasing his lead throughout, won by a dozen lengths. In the match between Laming and Chapman, the latter was the favourite, although he lost the choice of water. He was piloted by Harry Kelly, the champion, and Laming by Alf Egaltion, of Blackwall, a Doggett's winner. In a couple of hundred yards Chapman went to the fore, and won with ridiculous ease. Last but not least Spencer and White, both promising young scullers—the latter having won a well-contested race a month ago—rowed. Spencer was the non-favourite at 7 to 4, but had his brother William for coach from the outside berth, and W. Blake looked after the other. Spencer cleared his man at Simmonds's, led by three lengths at Hammersmith, and won by six lengths.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT NEWMARKET.

OCTOBER 28, 1874.

THE GLASGOW STUD YEARLINGS, WITH THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.		Gs
B c by Brother to Stafford, dam (Gilbert's dam), foaled 1861, by Toxophilite out of Maid of Masham; engaged in Epsom Derby and Doncaster St. Leger, 1876	Prince Bathlany	100
Ch f by Parmesan, dam (Liverpool's and Croxteth's dam) by West Australian out of Clarissa, by Pantaloon; engaged in the Spring Two-year-old Stakes of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, at Newmarket, 1875	Mr. Savage	50
Ch f by Trumpeter out of Sister to Adelaide, by Y. Melbourne out of Maid of Masham	Mr. Payne	70
THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.		
Ch c, 4 yrs, by Marksman out of Morality	Mr. Smith	45
THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.		
Yearling f by Restitution out of Fairy (the dam of Rhymer and Fairy King), by Orlando out of Alkali, by Slane out of Seakale	Mr. H. Jennings	120
THE PROPERTY OF PRINCE BATHLAN.		
CAGLIOSTRO, 3 yrs, by Adventurer out of Media Noce, by Weatherbit	Mr. Fitzwilliam	20
DOCTOR BALSAMO, ch g, 2 yrs, by Cambuscan out of Media Noce	Mr. Fitzwilliam	20
STALLIONS, THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.		
COMMOTION, b h (foaled 1864), by Alarm out of Dinah, by Clarion	Bought in	350
GRINDER, ch ro h (foaled 1862), by Volunteer out of Titoea, by Ion	Bought in	95
ROLY POLY, br m (1860), by Vindex out of Pastry-cook; with foal by Wingrave	Mr. T. Smith	15

Latest Betting.

LIVERPOOL CUP.

900 to 100 agst Vanderdecken (offered; take 10 to 1).	
300 — 15 — Gamcock (taken).	
20 — 1 — Louise Victoria (taken).	
1000 — 40 — Bertrand (taken).	
500 — 20 — Flurry (taken).	
500 — 15 — Chieftain (taken).	

Calendar for Week ending November 7.

MONDAY, Nov. 2.	THURSDAY, Nov. 5.
	Worcester Autumn (3rd day).
	Lincoln (2nd day).
	Lewes Autumn (1st day).
	Old Rock (1st day).
TUESDAY, Nov. 3.	FRIDAY, Nov. 6.
Brighton Autumn (1st day).	Lincoln (3rd day).
Worcester Autumn (1st day).	Lewes Autumn (2nd day).
	Old Rock (2nd day).
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 4.	West Drayton (1st day).
Brighton Autumn (2nd day).	SATURDAY, Nov. 7.
Worcester Autumn (2nd day).	West Drayton (2nd day).
Lincoln (1st day).	

ATLANTIC ruptured another blood-vessel last Tuesday morning. The two-year-old colt by Rococo or Cathedral out of Performer has been named *Jonathan Martin*.

PUNCESTOWN STEEPLE-CHASES, 1875.—This meeting has been fixed to take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 13 and 14.

QUAIL.—This mare has returned to her old quarters at Hednesford, where she will be trained by Saunders, as before.

MIDDLEHAM.—Hall's Last Word and Waterloo are being ridden to hounds with a view to the jumping business.

JAMES DOVER.—We regret to hear that this trainer is confined to his room from a severe attack of rheumatic gout.

ST. PAUL'S, 4 yrs., trained by James Watson at Richmond, has been turned out of training for the winter months.

MR. R. DREWITT.—We regret to learn that this respected Lewes trainer is lying somewhat dangerously ill.

THE CRITERION TIME.—Garterly Bell's time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, is 1min. 25sec. Last year Miss Toto ran the same race in 1min. 21sec.

QUICK MARCH, after winning the Sweepstakes over the Criterion Course on Tuesday, was sold to Mr. Grainger for 210 guineas, the conditional selling price being 150 sovs.

SELBORNE.—This two-year-old colt, after winning the Selling Stakes on the last half of D.M., on Wednesday, was bought in for 315 guineas, the conditional selling price being 100 sovs.

SIR TATTON SYKES has had the misfortune to lose his bay colt foal by King Tom out of Marigold (Doncaster's dam), own brother to the 2000 guineas yearling, All Heart.

JAMES GOATER, while walking on Saturday last to reduce himself in weight, injured his foot to such an extent that he was not able to ride Garterly Bell in the Criterion.

LA GELEE.—This three-year-old filly was sold to Mr. T. Green for 230 guineas, on winning the Sweepstakes on the Bretby Course on Monday, the conditional selling price being 100 sovs.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE TIME.—Benson's chronograph gives Pent-etre's time for this race 2min. 6sec. Montargis last year ran it in 2min. 9sec., and Playfair the year preceding in 2min. 9sec.

VELVET LAWN, who won the Maiden Plate of 50 sovs. over the T.Y.C at Newmarket on Wednesday, was bought after the race by Mr. H. Jennings for 410 guineas. He was entered to be sold for 200 guineas.

KINGSCLEERE.—The yearling colt by Cambuscan out of Little Lady has shown signs of splint. It will be remembered that John Porter gave 1500 guineas for this youngster at Mr. Gee's sale in the Newmarket July Meeting.

ALEC TAYLOR.—This well-known trainer, who had been suffering from severe illness for a considerable period, has so far recovered that he was enabled to look after the Fyfield team who came to Newmarket to fulfil their engagements at the Houghton Meeting.

MENDIP.—The owner of this horse backed him to win a very large stake for the Cambridgeshire, and at such very long shots that the immediate outlay was very small. In addition to this he had 1000 to 30 for a place, besides which a level bet of £300 was laid against Mendip finishing among the first fifteen, which, we need scarcely say, went also to the layers of odds.

MARBLE HILL.—Before running in the Selling Stakes on Wednesday this horse was sold by Mr. Matthew Dawson to Mr. James Brodie for 150 guineas. Marble Hill won the Ditton Stakes in the Second October, on the strength of which he was made favourite on this last occasion, but he failed to get among the first three.

THE OBJECTION TO KANGAROO AT GLOUCESTER.—It will be remembered that this half-bred, who came in first for the Hunters' Plate at Gloucester on Friday last, was objected to by the rider of the second on the ground of carrying wrong weight. The objection was entertained by the stewards, who gave their decision on Tuesday evening in favour of Emblematical, who came in second.

THE QUORN HUNT.—The annual sale of the Quorn Club Hunt horses will take place at the Bell Hotel, Leicester, on Saturday, the auctioneers being Messrs. Warner, Sheppard, and Wade. There are twenty-one lots of valuable young horses regularly ridden by Mr. J. Coupland, the master, and his staff during the cub-hunting season, and now in active work. In addition, two thoroughbred mares, an own sister to Emblematical (by Narbonne out of Fanchette), and a four-year-old by The Palmer out of Isabella, will be disposed of at the same time. They will come to the hammer at 12.30, and passengers by the 10 a.m. express from St. Pancras will be in time for the sale.

A NOTICE of the Winter Exhibition of the Dudley Gallery is in type, and shall appear next week.

THE LATE GEORGE REEVES.—Mr. Marcus Verrall informs us that he has collected in small amounts the sum of £10 15s. to meet the distressing case of G. Reeves, who was accidentally suffocated at Bromley last week. After payment of funeral expenses the balance, with any further sums received, will be paid to Mrs. Reeves, his mother.

THE OWNER OF APOLOGY.—The Rev. W. J. King, the owner of Apology, it is said, has adopted the usual legal steps for resigning the livings which he holds in the Church. The vicarage of Ashby-de-la-Launder, near Sleaford, to which he was instituted in 1822, is in his own gift, and is on his own estate. It is worth about £350 a year. The rectory of Basingham, near Newark, to which he was appointed in 1832, is worth about £600 a year, and is in the gift of the President and Fellows of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

PRESENTATION TO MR. WALTER GREGORY.—On Friday night the friends of Mr. Walter Gregory, the well-known and highly respected bookmaker, presented him, at Nottingham, with a valuable crayon photograph of himself. The presentation arose out of some legal proceedings which were recently preferred against Mr. Gregory through his having entertained the inmates of the Nottingham workhouse to a treat on the score of the success of Marie Stuart in the St. Leger last year. The present was accompanied by an illuminated address, and cost, we believe, nearly £50.

SAGACIOUS MULES.—A gentleman, who is too modest to allow us to use his name, furnishes us with the following instance of sagacity which he yesterday saw displayed by a pair of mules, those curious spotted fellows belonging to Hank Blanchard. Hank and John Fagan were seated in a buggy behind the mules, driving along South C Street, near the Divide. Suddenly the animals halted. Whipping and coaxing were alike in vain; they would not move. What to make of this Hank did not know, as the mules had never before so conducted themselves. Seeing that the animals constantly turned their heads in one direction, Fagan began to look that way, to see what it was that so strongly attracted their attention. In a moment he dropped on it. It was a shingle which read, "Hay \$23 per ton," the regular retail price being \$25. The mules had observed this, and could not be moved beyond it until Hank got out of the buggy, went into the place, and came back, pretending that he had ordered ten tons of the article at the reduced rates. They then trotted off perfectly content.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise*.

NARCOTISING HORSES.—We learn from the *Gazette Médicale de Bordeaux* that an eminent veterinary surgeon has informed the Medical and Surgical Society of that city that the coachmen of certain families had been for some time in the habit of administering chloral to the horses in their charge, so as to make them easier to ride or drive. It appears that the drug acted like a charm, for horses which had previously been so spirited as to give much trouble to their drivers became as quiet as lambs after a few days of this hyposthenic treatment. This great change naturally attracted the attention of the owners of the animals, and they sent for the veterinary surgeon to ascertain the cause of this sudden gentleness. That functionary noticed a certain tendency to sleep in the animals, but scarcely knew to what to refer this unusual condition, when on one of his visits he chanced to find a bottle half full of chloral. Here, then, was the *corpus delicti*, and when the veterinary surgeon questioned the delinquent coachman as to the use he made of the drug, the latter, after much hesitation, owned that, following the advice of a brother whip, he gave his horses a dose of chloral every morning to make them go quietly, and further, that many of the fraternity in Bordeaux followed the same plan.—*London Medical Record*.

DEATH OF "TOM DARTON."—It becomes our duty to record the decease of Thomas Darton, professional cricketer, which took place at the residence of his cousin, Mr. W. Salmon, chemist, High-street, Stockton-on-Tees, about two o'clock on Sunday morning. Deceased, who was better known as Tom Darton, has been associated with cricket from his youth, and was one of the three Toms who then belonged to the Stockton Club in the time of the late Dr. W. Richardson. Lillywhite's Guide, for 1865, thus speaks of him:—"He was born at Stockton-on-Tees, on the 12th of February, 1836. He is a good man 'all round,' and capable of filling up a place in any eleven, being a good bowler." For a number of years Tom played with the club of his native town. He was professional bowler to the Middlesbrough club, where he had been engaged some years. This was his last engagement. At the close of his cricketering career, a match was played on the Middlesbrough ground for his benefit, between some of the leading clubs and the club of that town. He was widely known, and much esteemed on account of his genial manner. Shortly after withdrawing from the cricket world, his health gave way, and he gradually grew weaker until a fortnight ago, when he was compelled to take to his room, where he quietly passed away, a victim to consumption, in the 39th year of his age.—*Northern Echo*.

AN ACTRESS'S MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.—At the Lambeth County Court, on Tuesday week, two interpleader issues were tried to test the validity of a marriage settlement, executed by the defendant, Mr. Roland Gideon Israel Barnett, of Grenada Lodge, Stockwell Park Road, in favour of Miss Nelly Power, the well-known actress, on his marriage with her a few months ago. The plaintiffs were Mr. Godfrey, a hairdresser in Fulham Road, and Mr. Harwood, a flour factor, of Canterbury Road, Kilburn, who had each obtained a judgment in the Brompton County Court, by virtue of which execution had been issued against Mr. Barnett's goods. As Mr. Barnett resided in the Lambeth district, the warrants had been executed by the officers of the Lambeth court, Mr. Godfrey's warrant being for £23, and Mr. Harwood's for £45 10s.; and under these warrants the goods were seized, for the trustees, under the marriage settlement, paid the money under protest, it being alleged that the goods under the settlement belonged to Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Barnett's wife, and they now made a claim for them on her behalf. The property included a brougham and a pair of horses, which were seized amongst other articles. Mr. Barnett was called to support the claim of the trustees, and he stated that he had executed the deed for the purpose of securing a home for his wife in case he should fall into difficulties. In cross-examination he admitted that he was in embarrassed circumstances at the time of his marriage. He bought the brougham and pair of horses named in the deed with a view to his marriage and to amuse his wife. Mr. Thomas, who appeared for the execution creditors against the claim, contended that, as the marriage settlement was executed when Mr. Barnett was insolvent, it was fraudulent and void, and that the claim of the trustees could not be sustained. Mr. Moojen, in support of the claim, urged that, as Mr. Barnett's wife was no party to the fraud, if there had been one, she ought not to suffer in consequence, as she was in complete ignorance of it, Mr. Barnett never having named to her that he was in difficulties. The judge decided in favour of the claim, ruling that the marriage settlement was valid, and that, with the exception of a third horse seized, which Mr. Barnett admitted was not named in the schedule containing the goods made over, the property must be restored to the trustees. The claimants must pay the court fees, and the parties must each pay their own costs.

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